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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1912.

The Week

It was predicted by the most sagacious newspaper correspondents on the spot that the Baltimore Convention would be "unbossed," and this prophecy is borne out by the first day's proceedings. No one man, no one group, is in control. The debate and the roll-call on the temporary chairmanship went on as in a real Convention. The great mass of delegates were free to speak and vote as they pleased. Naturally, the National Committee had an advantage in appealing for support of the regular programme, but its victory was so narrow as to show the impossibility of dictating to the Convention either a platform or a candidate. Even Mr. Bryan was not permitted to dictate! His defeat on the personal issue which he raised was partly due to the desire to rebuke his domineering spirit, and to show that neither he nor any other man could impose his single will on the Convention. It seems clear that the majority is made up of men who will insist upon a full and free conferring together for the good of the party.

Mr. Taft's bad luck in politics pursues him even in his hour of victory. He has won a renomination, after a desperate struggle, but the universal opinion is that the honor which has come to him is empty. It scarcely needed the open split in his party to accentuate the general belief that the chances are enormously against his being elected in November. Of all this he must be fully aware. The experience he has had to undergo has been of a sort to strike through even official optimism. The President knows what has happened. There was no genuine enthusiasm for him at Chicago. The great fight was not for him, but against Roosevelt. So hopeless appeared the outlook for the Taft ticket that no attractive candidate for the Vice-Presidency could be got to go on it, and the Convention fell back on Sherman again. This was tantamount to a confession of despair. Doubtless, President Taft will face his sea of troubles with a stout heart. And one consolation is fairly his. At whatever personal or political cost, he has succeeded in preserving his party organization from capture by a man who would have used it for his own greater glory and for the shaking of our institutions to their foundation.

President Taft's friends are, no doubt, justified in their feeling that he has been treated with gross unfairness throughout the campaign. He has been misrepresented in point after point; his good deeds have been belittled; his blunders have been malignantly exaggerated; his personal character shockingly impugned. All this must be admitted by the impartial. Yet they must admit, too, that he deliberately exposed himself to abuse and betrayal by Roosevelt when he permitted the latter to make him President in 1908. It was a brutal thing for Roosevelt to say, but there was truth in it, that Mr. Taft had bitten the hand that fed him. All the trials and humiliations which Mr. Taft has had to suffer in 1912, were really in preparation for him in 1908. This is no new opinion for the *Nation*. We said at the time that Mr. Taft, in allowing President Roosevelt to force his nomination upon the party, was putting himself under a greater personal obligation than any man ought to assume, and that the fruits of it could not fail to be bitter. How bitter, everybody can see to-day.

Wonders are happening, politically speaking, every moment. But the most amazing phenomenon that has yet come to our attention is that Lodge has spoken. Yes, we mean Henry Cabot Lodge, the Massachusetts Senator, who was suddenly stricken with lockjaw the day that Theodore Roosevelt announced his candidacy. Since then no physician, however skilful, has been able to relieve him; and no friend, however kindly disposed, could bring him down from that topmost fence-rail upon which he insisted upon perching. But now what science and affection failed to bring about has come to pass: Lodge has spoken. "I regard," he says in his sudden burst of pent-up language, "the declared determination of the party to stand firmly for the Constitution, and for the independence of the courts, because they are vital to the maintenance of free government, as of the last importance. I shall give to the Republican party and to its candidates and policies the best support of which I am capable in the coming campaign." My, how relieved he must feel, and how happy he must be, to descend from the fence, now that the cat has jumped! One hundred and four days in such a position would cramp the most agile, and Lodge is no longer as young as he was, though supple enough yet.

Gov. Hadley of Missouri states, as one reason for his refusal to bolt with Roosevelt, that the platform adopted at Chicago is the most progressive ever put forward by the Republican party. This is true. It is vague and weak in some particulars—especially in what concerns the tariff—but it accepts and endorses a long list of the doctrines for which the Progressive Republicans have been standing. Some of their demands were, of course, ignored. The recall, with the initiative and referendum, was omitted, and strong ground was taken against any impairment of the authority of the courts. But these matters would not have been included in a Roosevelt platform. They were to be left to the States. But many other progressive views are heartily approved by the Chicago platform. Thus we find it endorsing successively legislation to limit the labor of women and children; the enactment of workmen's compensation laws; the simplification of judicial procedure and shorter ways of removing from office derelict judges; the upholding of the conservation policy, and even the creation of a Federal Trade Commission —one of Roosevelt's pet ideas. He, indeed, if he had chosen to be, we will not say as magnanimous, but as constructive, as Gov. Hadley, could have hailed the platform as a great victory for his principles. But he set out to get the nomination or to smash the party, and will not allow a little thing like a satisfactory declaration of party principles to stand in his way.

Writing in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, Major W. H. Hart of the army comes back to an old topic: "The Blight of Favoritism." He

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meets fairly and squarely the argument that promotion by seniority as at present established is a gross injustice to the brilliant men of the service who should be favored with extraordinary promotion by reason of exceptional merit. So great does Major Hart believe the injury done to the army by favoritism that he even desires a law providing that, subject to physical and mental examination, no promotion shall be made in the service in any branch save by seniority. This law he would have include colonels and brigadier-generals. He thinks that the result would be the removal of the present "cross-purposes, personal issues, and brooding over the malignant effects of favoritism," to such an extent that it would be possible for the army to concentrate its efforts for a proper solution of its harassing problems of organization and administration. These are now sadly hampered by the personal element. As long as this republic is a republic, we believe that the policy which Major Hart outlines will be best for the service. It ought to be axiomatic, for instance, that the senior colonel, if he is not fitted for promotion to brigadier, is not fit to command his regiment and should be retired for mental or physical deficiency. Elimination of the unfit is provided by law now, and therein lies the true remedy for the removal of dead-wood and men of bad habits.

The project of the New York Reform Club to start up tariff associations or clubs the country over, cannot be too highly commended. This is the time for such a movement. Never, in our judgment, was there a period when the frauds and follies of the protective system were evident to more people than at the present hour. Republicans themselves have been pulling down the pillars of their sacred temple of protection, and not often has the system had a worse blow than that given to it by the revelations as to conditions among the highly protected "American" laborers in the mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts. And never since the war was there a Republican Convention at which so little was heard of the tariff. Certainly, the jeering at Mr. Payne when he appeared on the platform, the insults and ridicule heaped upon him by hundreds of Republican delegates merely because he was the author of a great Republican tariff bill, are without parallel in Republican history. To imagine such treatment of Dingley or McKinley is impossible. As well might one have expected an attack on the Bible, on the Deity, on the existence of the Republic itself.

We have received a copy of the forty-one amendments to the Ohio Constitution agreed to by the Constitutional Convention, to be submitted to popular vote on September 3. It is to be a special election, and broadsides containing not only the amendments, but explanations thereof in large type, and a sample of the official ballot, are now being sent to all voters. No one can assert, therefore, that he goes to the polls in ignorance of just what he is voting on. There is much that is extremely interesting in these forty-one amendments; the abolition of capital punishment, the initiative and referendum, a limiting of the veto of the Governor, woman suffrage, the abolition of prison-contract labor, the use of voting machines, the regulation of expert testimony in criminal trials, are but a few of them. The voters must also pass on licensing the traffic in intoxicating liquors, but even if the license to traffic is granted there are certain restrictions that come into effect; for instance, there shall not be more than one saloon to each 500 population in a municipality or township. Municipalities may determine their form of government by one of three ways; they may acquire, construct, own, lease, and operate any or all of their public utilities, if the section conferring this power is carried, and the right of excess condemnation will also be given to them. Altogether, this is to be a searching test of intelligent democracy, and the outcome is certain to be awaited with keenest interest in many States. It will throw no little light on the ability of an average American State to handle a complicated and difficult referendum.

Announcement of a special course of instruction for the training of parish workers is a sign of the times. As it used to be held that any foolish girl was fitted to be a teacher in a Sunday-school, so the common idea—and the too common practice—was that anybody with a sufficiently kind heart was qualified to go out among the poor and unfortunate and attempt to "do them good." But the School of Philanthropy has seen a new light in all these matters, and proposes to act upon it. In coöperation with professors in the Union Theological Seminary, it is to undertake the sifting and training of men and women who wish to engage in parish activities. The course of instruction proposed will cover both religious and social subjects, among the latter being "Child Welfare," "Family Rehabilitation," "Neighborhood Activities," and so on. The whole scheme seems well conceived and should yield valuable practical results. Haphazard and blundering work is going out of fashion even in charity and religion. The duty of knowing what one is doing, and of being efficient, is really just as imperative in labors for the good of society, and in saving souls, as it is in work in an office or factory.

Yale's defeat at New London was not unexpected. A university which takes up a new system of rowing can rarely hope to win in the first contest thereafter. What Yale expected to do she accomplished: she put up a game race and lost honorably. Next June's race, when Mr. Cook has had a full year of trial, will be a genuine test as to whether his modified system of rowing is the equal of Wray's, whose splendid record in Harvard rowing has been unsurpassed since the days of Bancroft. Mr. Cook in his prime used to be the best of American coaches, and his crews were as invariably successful as Wray's. He has, however, not returned to his former stroke, but has modified it after some months spent in watching this year's Oxford and Cambridge crews. Rowing in this country is now almost entirely a question of the teacher. True, Harvard's development of boating through its many rowing clubs tends to give the coach a wider choice from among men who know something about rowing, but, after all, the material to draw oarsmen from is about the same in Harvard, Yale, and Cornell; it is merely a matter of drilling the crew to row a good stroke well. Courtney does this to perfection year in year out, and his crews win nine times out of ten. Wray has done nearly as well. At Yale the problem is: how soon can a similarly able teacher, professional or amateur, be developed? It may take some years yet, precisely as at Harvard many years of defeat preceded the coming of

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Wray, years spent in weary experimenting with one system after another.

In publishers' notices we find the statement that the trend is away from the traditional belief that summer reading must not be serious reading. There never was any theoretical basis for a practice in which publishers acquiesced because it was a rule of the trade. In the first place, it is plain that serious reading, by which we mean every kind of book other than fiction, must appeal to a serious audience. Essays, biography, history, sociology will appeal primarily to the man whose taste and interests lie in that direction—college professors, teachers, clergymen, and professional men in general. To all of these the summer is the season of leisure, the convenient season, in fact, to which serious reading has been postponed from the crowded programme of the rest of the year. As for the general public, the same argument from increased leisure will hold. It is all well enough to speak of the long winter evenings by the fire. Winter evenings in the city are apt to be monopolized by social duties and the rival attractions of the theatre and music. One reason why people will not pick up a serious book is the knowledge that it will take a long time to finish it amidst the distractions of everyday life. The vacation season is eminently a time for quiet-paced and reflective reading.

A notable difference between the American and the English view of the functions of the school as a rival of the home is brought out in a monograph dealing with the development of the country school for city children, prepared by Professor Myers of Princeton and published by the Bureau of Education at Washington. The advantages of the open country over the city as a site for boys' schools are obvious. But the boarding school has its drawbacks:

> It cuts off the boy from home when twelve or fifteen years old, the very age of all others when he needs the influences centring around home and family, which are of greater importance than any other in the life of a normal, well-trained, healthy child. The influence of a teacher is tremendous, but at best it can only supplement and add to that of a conscientious father and tender mother.

This is utterly different from the English ideal which deliberately removes the public-school boy from the home for the greater part of the year and the entire period of his school life. Underlying the practice is not, one is inclined to believe, that mere belief in the efficacy of the "hardening" process which is supposed to make rulers of empire. British common-sense probably perceives that, while in theory no educational influence can supplant that of the home, in practice far too many fathers and mothers fail completely as trainers of the young mind.

The Unionists are in a quandary over one aspect of the Home Rule bill. It has been the contention of the militant Ulstermen that if the Government persisted in forcing a separate Parliament upon Ireland, Ulster would demand to be exempted from its authority and to be allowed to remain, in its present position, as a part of the United Kingdom, represented in the Parliament at Westminster. But when an amendment to the Home Rule bill, excluding Ulster from the provisions of the bill, was brought forward by a Liberal member, the Unionists suddenly discovered that to split up Ireland would work injury to both sections of the country. Sir Edward Carson, principal fire-eater from Ulster, had a dreadful time defining his position the other day in the House of Commons. At one moment he was arguing that if the separate colonies in Australia or South Africa were given the free choice of joining the new federal commonwealths erected there, Ulster should have the same privilege. And the next moment he was asserting that it is folly to think of separating Ulster from the rest of Ireland. So the burden of it all is that Home Rule must go by the board, and Ulster's domination over the rest of Ireland be preserved.

It is characteristic of the French temper in general, and of French party spirit in particular, that the personality of a man who has been dead 135 years should lead to an acrimonious debate in Parliament. It is true that the man in question is Jean Jacques Rousseau, the two hundredth anniversary of whose birth falls to-morrow. The Chamber was asked to appropriate the sum of 30,000 francs towards the expense of the celebration, and the Monarchist-Catholic minority, led by Maurice Barrès, protested against public recognition of one whose social, political, and educational principles were rooted in anarchism. The money was voted by 427 to 112; but it seems extraordinary that there should be even 112 men of leading in France who would stigmatize the memory of the man whose work, probably more than any other single influence, has shaped modern thought, and whose ideas are to-day vital in many fields of human interest. M. Viviani, in defending Rousseau, countered cleverly upon M. Barrès:

> They could agree to forget the defects of great men in French literary and political history and unite in celebrating their greatness. They could forget Bossuet's abominable praise of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and remember his "Oraisons Funèbres." They could forget the brutal and almost bloody reaction in which Chateaubriand, that true son of Rousseau, bore a hand and greet, behind and above the Minister of Louis XVIII, the immortal man of letters.

But modern Bourbonism in France apparently retains its ancient gift of never forgetting and never forgiving.

Despite many reports and some evidence to the contrary, French art is not given up wholly to fads and innovations. Above the chatter of "Cubists" and "Futurists," is heard now and then a calm voice like that of M. Henry Farge, a rising young painter. In a statement given to a Paris review, he declares that the present generation ought to take as its motto the saying of Théophile Gautier: "Above everything, a painting ought not to cause disgust (*faire horreur*)." Thirty or forty years ago the cry was that artists must startle the average man; latterly, the effort has been to fill him with nameless fear. But M. Farge declares that all these things are off the trail; that there is no need of attempting a revolution in art, but that artists must forever strive to perfect themselves, and to become students again. In a word, his advice is: "Let us go to school." Counsel of like tenor comes from a young musician, M. Jean Déré. "Teaching," he declares, "is the necessary foundation of art. Shall we not seek to produce a healthy and virile music by going back to the purest sources of our national art? We have had in France, and, thank Heaven, we still have, admirable masters to show us the true path to follow." Such utterances encourage the belief that the great art tradition has not been incontinently abandoned by the French.

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THE CONFUSION.

After scenes of violence and a turbulence that would have passed into riot but for the repressive hand of the police, the National Convention of the Republican party came to a close late Saturday night under circumstances that prompt thoughtful men to ask whether that party is now to go to pieces. The resulting confusion and uncertainty are as great as the apprehension. Those who fought for months to beat Roosevelt finally accomplished their purpose, by means of extraordinary skill in political management, but now stand wondering whether the strain has not broken the party down. Victory was swiftly followed by open revolt. The defection of the Silver Republicans in 1896 was a trifle compared with the formidable bolt which Roosevelt has already set on foot. Internecine warfare is threatened in every State. Regular Republicans will be slaughtered. The bolters will be proscribed and massacred. Political passions have mounted to unexampled heights. The most ferocious spirit is still displayed by the two Republican factions, and the most insulting epithets continue to fly back and forth between them. There are, in fact, on every hand, such signs of party break-up and political demoralization as have not been seen in this country since the Civil War.

Two nearly equal forces struggled for supremacy at Chicago. The narrow majority was held together by masterful tactics which extorted the admiration even of those who were crushed by them, but the minority would not submit in the usual way. To the end it maintained its uncompromising spirit, sitting sullen during the closing hours of the Convention, and immediately going off to start a third-party movement. This last, it is true, still remains a bit amorphic. There was a spontaneous nomination of Roosevelt, and an apparently whole-hearted, but really guarded, acceptance by him; but all confess that much remains to be done before the grand new people's party meets in August in "mass Convention"—that is what the Colonel favors, where there will be no trouble about rules and regularity—to give this fair land a new birth of freedom under Roosevelt. It will be shrewdly suspected that the new party will wait to see what happens at Baltimore and elsewhere, before deciding to be born. Yet this very uncertainty only adds to the confusion of the political situation. Men look at one another in wild surmise, querying whether this is the country they have known before, and all in a daze as to what candidate or what party they may think it their duty to support when election day rolls round.

The Republican bolt, if there is really to be one, will proceed upon the assumption that the Chicago Convention was tainted with fraud. This has been violently asserted for a week past, with every form of offensive language known to experts in scurrility, but what has been the proof? The public knows very little about it. But it will have to receive precise and detailed information if it is to be asked to vote for men simply because they have been cheated. There has been an immense amount of crying "stop, thief," but the evidence of thievery has been meagre. We know that Roosevelt was just as vociferous about frauds in New York, after the primaries in this State, as he is now about frauds in Texas or Washington, but he had no proof whatever in the former case, and soon left off talking about it. Is there any reason for thinking he has better warrant in the other cases? What is known is that his managers brought a great number of ridiculous contests. They were so absurd that even Roosevelt committeemen voted to throw them out of court summarily. But the preliminary cry of fraud was just as shrill in these instances as in the others. Was it any less valid? We think the country is ready to be convinced. But it must have the facts, and have them impartially sifted. Mere assertion, however loudly shouted, is no proof of fraud. The Roosevelt managers at first insisted that some 200 of their contestants were lawfully entitled to be seated. Then they whittled the number down to 100; now it is put at seventy. But even seventy added delegates would not have been enough to nominate Roosevelt, though, taken from Taft, they would have left him short of a majority. But what honest men will demand is conclusive evidence that even this irreducible minimum of seventy delegates, or any part of them, was "stolen." The testimony is available. It was all passed upon by the Credentials Committee. Are we bound to believe that the defeated litigant who "cusses" angrily enough, necessarily has the truth on his side? Certainly, if he is going to found a new party on the strength of his grievance, he has got to show that it is substantial and not wholly imaginary.

All this divided and distraught condition of the Republican party naturally fills the Democrats at Baltimore with good cheer. But they must not allow themselves to be flattered into a fool's paradise. The spirit of revolt is abroad, and the Democratic party could easily provoke it against itself. Never did party ties sit so lightly. Never was a kind of iconoclastic political independence so rife. The Democrats should perfectly understand that they must walk warily and correctly estimate their opportunity. They must not forget that a vigilant and resourceful man, Theodore Roosevelt, is watching for them to blunder. If they nominate a candidate who can be called a reactionary or a tool or an ignoramus, Roosevelt will instantly raid their left wing and wage a battle, North and South, in the name of progressive policies. So obviously is it Democratic wisdom to choose a man for the Presidency who can hold the progressives of his party that it is not surprising to find men in all parts of the country, and of all shades of opinion, declaring that the events at Chicago point to Woodrow Wilson as the man of the hour at Baltimore.

EDUCATION OF A PRINCE.

The sensation created in England by Sir Sidney Lee's memoir of Edward VII in the latest supplementary volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," has been described in the daily press. Three main features of Sir Sidney Lee's biography have been much discussed—the mistaken educational régime to which Albert Edward, as Prince of Wales, was subjected by his father; the unwise attitude maintained by Queen Victoria towards her son after the death of the Prince Consort, in a mistaken endeavor to carry out the latter's intentions; and the rôle played by Edward VII as King in the shaping of British foreign policy towards the form it holds at the present day. The writer explodes the legend of Edward the Peacemaker to which the English people seem to have subscribed in a sentimental mood, especially after it had gained currency on the Continent. It is shown that the King, in this matter of the French *entente* and succeeding

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international arrangements, was not the powerful motive force he was supposed to be. Here, as in his attitude towards home affairs, he followed where his Ministers led, contributing, in the case of France, the influence of his well-known friendliness for that country and his wide popularity.

As to imposing his own will on his Ministers, Sir Sidney Lee argues that Edward VII was hardly qualified to do so by temperament or intellectual abilities. And that brings the story back to Edward VII's training, from infancy to within a few years before he succeeded to the throne. One cannot help feeling sorry for the young lad whose education has thus been summarized:

> From the time he was six months old it rained portentous memoranda about and upon him. Tutor was to stand over tutor, and governor over governor, each passing on platitudinous injunctions to the next, and Prince Albert fed the stream of moral commonplaces at its head. The boy was never to read a novel, not even Scott's. He was to be kept away from boys of his own age, or at most a few picked Eton boys, dragons of niceness and goodness, were to come across the bridge to play with him for a couple of hours. He was never to be out of sight of elderly wisdom. His life and thoughts were to reflect themselves in a diary for paternal inspection. Till he was seventeen he was not to choose any of his own clothes, and then they were to be chosen by him in accordance with a formal minute of parental instructions on the choice of material.

This Spartan system, in a modified sense, was carried on, strange as it may seem, till 1892, when Albert Edward was fifty. He no longer had tutors over him, but his mother had kept him jealously from all real participation in affairs of state, always on the assumption that here was an indiscreet lad who had to be held firmly in check. Little wonder that Englishmen are now inclined to believe that Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were far from being wise parents.

And yet there is one curious aspect of the case. A prince is thought to have been educated in the wrong way, if his subsequent career shows it; in other words, if he makes a bad King. In so far as Edward VII as an individual is concerned, it may be regretted that the rigorous and ill-planned schooling of his boyhood and youth should only have left him with a profound distaste for books of any kind; in his maturity he never read anything but the newspapers. But as Edward VII, constitutional King of Great Britain, he conducted himself in a way that might have presupposed the very wisest kind of education. All that Sir Sidney Lee brings out concerning Edward's demeanor after he succeeded to the throne shows the full recognition on the King's part of his proper rôle in the English scheme of government. The very fact that he did not take the lead in creating the system of Continental alliances, which is the present basis of British foreign policy, is in his favor. He worked in harmony with his Ministers, seconding their efforts only with his personal popularity. As the *Spectator* says, he contented himself with injecting, now and then, a drop of oil into the machinery of politics and diplomacy. It is now shown that during the recent Constitutional crisis in England, Edward VII exerted himself on the side of peace. In 1909 he tried to dissuade the Unionists from the suicidal policy of rejecting the budget. He was opposed to the stirring up of class opposition. He wanted peace and devoted himself towards that end. What more could be asked of a Constitutional King? The Manchester *Guardian* alone seems to have recognized the inconsistency of blaming Prince Albert and Queen Victoria for a system of education that resulted in the training of an ideal Constitutional King. The *Guardian* argues that there was in Edward VII one fault—his predilection for the French people. If Edward had been as tactful in his relations with William of Germany, the present tense situation on the North Sea might never have come about. But that is highly speculative.

Thus the conjecture arises whether the education of Edward VII, as initiated by his father, had not in it, after all, an ideal that might explain its excess of pedantry and moralistic rigor. It may be that the rôle of a Constitutional King in England was very acutely present to the mind of the Prince Consort. The British monarch is not a prime force in politics, domestic or foreign. His influence, like that of Queen Victoria, is one of character, and is chiefly exerted in the moral sphere of the national life. It was a natural mistake, therefore, to set out with the idea of making the future King of England a studious, hard-working, sober-minded Prince—and a bit of a Puritan; one who should give the moral tone to his age as Queen Victoria did to her own.

PROFESSIONAL REWARDS.

In his introduction to Dr. Abraham Flexner's report on medical education in Europe, President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation lays stress on one cheerful aspect of the medical profession in this country: the practice of medicine does not "pay." There is, at first sight, no striking reason for optimism in this fact, but that is because we look at the question from the narrow position of the market-place. Fear of being smug keeps men from speaking of the ideal of service as opposed to the ideal of large fees. Others may hold that no such ideal of service exists in these degenerate days. But Dr. Pritchett has neither doubts nor fears. He says:

> Under pressure of public opinion, it is becoming each year more and more of a profession to which men give themselves from ideals of service, recognizing that in this calling the average practitioner is to obtain little more than a comfortable living, and in many cases not even that. . . . The man who actually accumulates a fortune in medicine is so rare that he may practically be neglected. As the commercial medical school disappears, and the profession comes to be composed of educated men, alive to the ideal of service to their communities and to humanity, the opportunity to exploit medicine for gain will disappear. The youth who is looking for a fortune, or the parent who seeks for his son a remunerative occupation, should look elsewhere.

But where, among the professions, is a man to look for this elusive, comfortable income? There is the law, of course. Here the fortunate exceptional cases are not so rare, and the fortunes themselves are larger than the same degree of success will bring in any other profession. Standing in close connection with the world of business, and imitating its methods, the lawyer may occasionally enter the sacred circle of millionaires. But, after all, we are dealing with unusual cases. Take the average income for the legal profession throughout the country, and there is apparently much reason in the complaint that the law is overcrowded. And as for the remaining professions, they are in even worse case than the doctor and the lawyer. The clergyman has long been the classical illustration of the alliance between learning and poverty. His economic position in the community has reached the dimensions almost of a crisis. So there are left the school-teacher and college professor, of whose economic status it may only be said that it is not so bad as the minis-

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ter's and the writer's profession, of which the less said the better.

Here is a state of affairs which, in one respect, presents an interesting parallel to conditions among the great mass of workingmen as interpreted to them by their radical leaders. The American workingman is being assured that, whatever may once have been the case, America is to-day no longer the land of opportunity. The traditional route from overalls to millions is closed. The laborer's lot is permanently cast with the laboring class, and the solitary exception which flashes across his horizon is a phenomenon that only dazzles his eyes to his own helpless position. The workingman must think of his income as circumscribed within the limits which the statistical average fixes for his class. The chances of the laborer's rising in the economic scale are, in other words, as poor as the clergyman's or the teacher's or the doctor's. Dr. Pritchett's dictum, only slightly changed, would assert that in all the professions, including that of working with one's hands, "the man who accumulates a fortune is so rare that he may practically be neglected."

Yet the fact remains that, in spite of the meagre reward that the professions offer, there is no dearth of recruits for all the professions, including even the ministry, which suffers to-day under the double handicap of being poorly rewarded in money and of misconception as to its aims and its usefulness. The low average of income is even explained by the fact that the professions are overcrowded. What is it, then, that draws the recruits? The ideal of service, says Dr. Pritchett. There will be plenty of people to scoff at that opinion. It seems that we have only to think of the sordid scramble for income that goes on among our hordes of ill-trained lawyers and physicians to admit that altruism hardly enters into the problem. But that is to lay too much stress on the obvious. The ideal of service, like most human motives, is apt to manifest itself in complex form. A man's ideal may be higher than he himself sees it. Though the motive of self-advancement may be acutely present to his mind, he is subscribing to the other, unselfish ideal in the very act of affiliating himself with a calling whose economic rewards, at their best, fall far short of what may be obtained in other fields.

The desire to serve remains, therefore, an important factor in the man's choice of his profession. It takes various forms; it may be consciously altruistic, or it may be the joy of doing well what one likes best. The apprentice who enters on the difficult field of authorship may have in mind the financial rewards that come with popular success. But the illusion of great wealth is not very widespread among the workers in literature. What calls one is the opportunity to do work that one likes and hopes to make useful. That is the impelling force with the clergyman and the doctor and the teacher. And that, in the last resort, ought to be the compelling force with the great profession of labor. The impulse to serve is in most of us. What the professional man and the laborer are entitled to is the opportunity to render service under circumstances that do not sacrifice the individual to the common welfare. The work of the mind and of the hands should alike not be carried on under conditions that make the task hateful and seemingly purposeless.

PROFESSOR GOODWIN AND GREEK.

The death of Prof. William Watson Goodwin, the Nestor of the Greek department of Harvard College, where he was actively engaged as full professor from 1861 to 1901, means more to the academic world than even Harvard men can fully realize at the moment. Professor Goodwin's "Greek Grammar" is one of the best-known classical text-books—so well known, indeed, as to be a sort of classic itself; and of hardly less fame, and of perhaps even higher specialistic value, is his "Greek Moods and Tenses." He was the first director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and was long president of the American Philological Association. His published works brought him ripened celebrity and recognition both at home and abroad. And, more than all else, his long professional career, combined with his well-known modesty and vast learning, rendered him a monumental representative both of the intellectual and the spiritual phases of his chosen career.

In these days of emphasis upon purely practical, money-making studies and pursuits, the life-work of a man like Professor Goodwin is especially significant. What did he stand for, both in the academic world and the general civic life of men of his generation and ours? Just because the study of Greek, and of the ideals connected with that branch of learning, deals with remote, permanent, and "dead" subject-matter, is the student of Greek brought to understand the value of lasting truth, while not undervaluing the present. It is true that it will hardly pay any one —using the word "pay" here in its purely ethical sense—to study Greek text, literature, art, and history for less than six years. In a shorter period than this the ordinary student cannot attain that degree of familiarity with those topics which involves a due appreciation of the Greek mind and of the poetical and philosophical ideals born of Greek culture. In short, he cannot be thoroughly apprenticed to the lines of thought which men like the late Professor Goodwin stand for. Yet, if our civilization is to mean much in the spiritual history of the world—and all literature may truly be called psychic history of civilized man—it is well that some of our educated men, some of our college men, should be imbued with the leaven of that beauty, that heroism, and that lofty and exquisite mentality, which the ancient Greeks have so wonderfully preserved for transmission to all succeeding ages. It is well, not only that some college men should specialize in Greek and emulate the life of such as Professor Goodwin, but that a fair portion of them should become sufficiently acquainted with the noble and peculiar lessons which the world to-day can learn from ancient Greece, to make them higher and better citizens and render them centres of influence, from which Greek ideals, the permanently valuable things in Greek culture, can radiate.

Such a centre W. W. Goodwin was, in a professional sense and to a most eminent degree. Historians, artists, scholars in various lines, and many others, may well feel themselves directly indebted to him; and who shall catalogue the careers which have been indirectly benefited? The influence of a great Greek teacher in these days is felt by many branches of science as well as of art, and should be recognized also by men of affairs. Even the "practical" politician may get points of wisdom from considering the course of demagoguery in ancient Greece; while the

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true statesman will gain great lessons from the whole course of Greek history, if his reading of that history be leavened by an intimate and loving familiarity with the Greek mind as portrayed in Greek literature. Greek life was wonderfully rich. The Romans excelled in war and in government; but the ancient Greeks rose high in literature, in art, in philosophy, in historical writing, as well as in war; and ancient Greek democracy has teachings for modern democracy no less valuable in their way than the Roman lesson given in the causes of the decline of Roman republicanism and the rise of Roman imperialism.

There is reason for the learned world to sympathize with Harvard in her loss of Goodwin. But let it not be forgotten that, however strongly Harvard, like other advanced universities, is committed to the "elective system" of studies for her undergraduates, that need not prevent the continued flourishing of her splendid department in Greek. Whatever is of great permanent value to the civilized world is sure to be of some value to every successive age of that world. And if America, as so many critics proclaim, is on the verge of a demoralizing materialism; if the cultivation—almost exclusive cultivation—of so-called "practical" studies for the young is but one evidence of that materialistic trend, Greek culture is needed all the more on these accounts.

GEORGE BORROW.

The good Borrovian probably got his first initiation into the sect (for Borrow, like Peacock, is one of those originals who gather about them a peculiar people) through the sheer love of adventure. But the Borrovian has another anchor to hold his interest. As from the mere entertainment of Borrow's works, which are little more than a continued autobiography, he is drawn on to study the writer, he finds himself looking at one of the most enigmatical and tantalizing personalities of English literature. Such, at least, has been emphatically my own experience while reading the new biography and collection of letters* and after them re-reading Borrow's works. The outlines of the desired portrait are clear enough, but when I have thought to touch the heart of the man I have been curiously piqued and baffled. At times I have been ready to believe that the enigma really had no answer, and there was no possibility of seeing the face behind the masque simply because no such face existed and the masque was all. Which would be only another way of saying that Borrow escapes us by possessing the innocence and elusiveness of nature herself.

I.

Yet in a superficial way Borrow is one of the easiest of men to place. Both in his life and his writings he belongs clearly to the great picaresque tradition which begins as a conscious *genre* with the story of "Lazarillo de Tormes" and in England is continued by Nash and Defoe and Smollett, and was not forgotten by Thackeray when he created his magnificent Becky Sharp. It should seem as if an irresistible instinct of his nature led Borrow to associate himself with the outcast and Bohemian and adventurous waifs of the world. He was born at East Dereham, near Norwich, in 1803, while his father, a captain of the militia, was absent on a recruiting expedition, and his early years, like Sterne's, were passed much in various camps and barracks. From the first he was unamenable to ordinary discipline. He describes himself in childhood as "a lover of nooks and retired corners." At school he rebelled against the routine of study, and his first intellectual awakening came, properly enough, from the pages of "Robinson Crusoe."

At the age of seven he became acquainted with a wandering snake-charmer and herbalist, who filled his mind with strange tales of the King of the Vipers, and on departing left with the boy a tamed and fangless reptile, which he used to feed with milk and carry about with him in his walks. One day he surprised a family of gypsies in their tent, and was saved from harsh treatment or death by his ready wit and his uncanny pet:

"On the spy," said the woman, "hey? I'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge."

"So we will," said the man, "drown him anon in the mud!"

"Drown me, will you?" said I; "I should like to see you! What's all this about? Was it because I saw you with your hands full of straw plait, and my mother there——"

"Yes," said the woman; "what was I about?"

Myself. How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps! . . .

"I'll strangle thee," said the beldame, dashing at me. "Bad money, is it?"

"Leave him to me, wifekin," said the man, interposing; "you shall now see how I'll baste him down the lane."

Myself. I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.

Man. What do you mean, ye Bengui's bantling? I never heard such discourse in my life; playman's speech or Frenchman's talk.—which, I wonder? Your father! Tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire I'll serve him out as I will you. Take that—Tiny Jesus! What have we got here? Oh, delicate Jesus! what is the matter with the child?

I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

Borrow, when this occurred, was not older than eight. The story, which is related in "Lavengro," might be rejected as a myth, were it not so entirely of a piece with his whole career. The upshot of the encounter was a warm friendship with the gypsy boy, Ambrose Smith (or Petulengro, the Romany equivalent of Smith), which became one of the strongest influences in Borrow's life. Under the name of Jasper he plays only the second rôle in the pages of "Lavengro," and from his lips comes the famous creed, which contains the immemorial philosophy of the true vagabond, and which, once heard, will somehow forever after blow through a man's intellectual heavens like the clean wind it celebrates:

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh. . . . When a man dies he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of a man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die——"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live forever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

Another lasting influence on Borrow's

**The Life of George Borrow.* Compiled from unpublished official documents, his works, correspondence, etc. By Herbert Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Letters of George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Published by direction of the Committee. Edited by T. H. Darlow. New York: George H. Doran Company.—When Dr. W. I. Knapp wrote his *Life of George Borrow* (1899) these letters were supposed to have been lost; they were discovered in the crypt of the Bible House the very week in which that biography appeared. They add nothing which destroys the value and interest of Dr. Knapp's excellent work.

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character was the conversation of William Taylor of Norwich, a vagabond of the mind, who delighted, as Southey said, in "supporting strange and paradoxical opinions," and had "unsettled the faith of many." In one of the chapters of "Lavengro" (No. xxiii) Borrow tells how Taylor instructed him in German, and drew strange parallels between the philosophic profundity of that people and their proficiency in smoking. Borrow was to repudiate his older friend's opinion of the Bible as not quite sound in philosophy, but "respectable from its antiquity," although sometimes one wonders a little how much of Borrow's enthusiasm for the book was due to its religious content, and how much to the fact that it is the production of a wandering and homeless race. Of Taylor's nonchalant free-thinking more, perhaps, entered into the young man's brain than he himself ever knew.

II.

Having spent five years with a firm of Norwich solicitors in the laudable exercise of learning various outlandish languages and neglecting the law, in April of 1824, Borrow, now foot-free by the death of his father, went up to London with a few pounds in his pocket and a "small green box" filled with manuscripts, chiefly translations from the Welsh and Danish. One of the poems gave this description of the author, faithful to life, unless certain friendships broken when his temper became irascible with age and disappointments may be held to annul a single line:

A lad who twenty tongues can talk,
And sixty miles a day can walk;
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,
And then be neither sick nor dumb;
Can tune a song and make a verse,
And deeds of Northern kings rehearse;
Who never will forsake his friend
While he his bony fist can bend;
And, though averse to broil and strife,
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife;
O that is just the lad for me,
And such is honest six-foot-three.

He found the metropolis cruelly indifferent to the charms of Ab Gwilym, whom he nevertheless maintained through life to be "the greatest poetical genius . . . since the revival of literature." But by a proper chance he fell into the clutches of a publisher who employed him at starvation rates in compiling from the Newgate chronicles and elsewhere six volumes of "Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence." This and other literary hack work kept him chained to the treadmill until health and spirit were almost broken. After fourteen months of this life he fled from London, and literally took to the road. Of the adventures that followed, "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" are the immortal record. Just how much of those books is fiction and how much genuine biography we shall never know, but apparently the *Wahrheit* largely predominates; there is certainly truth at the core of the great chapters which relate his experiences as a wandering tinker, including the magnificent fight with the Flaming Tinman, and the extraordinary courtship, if courtship it may be called, of Isopel Berners in Mumper's Dingle.

After a certain period of years which Borrow has left in obscurity, there came to him his great opportunity. In 1833 he was appointed an agent of the Bible Society. His first task, the translation of the Scriptures into the Manchu, took him, for reasons which need not here be stated, to St. Petersburg. His letters to the Society, as published by Mr. Darlow, tell the strange story of his life in that city, and show him as indefatigable in accomplishing his task as he was shrewd in managing men. In 1835 he was transferred to Portugal and Spain, where for five years he was engaged in distributing translations of the Bible, his zeal in converting the natives being apparently in proportion to the danger and difficulty of reaching them. From the letters which he wrote to the Society, and which so far as they are preserved, have now been printed, and from diaries, he afterwards compiled "The Zincali," an account of the Iberian and African Gypsies, and "The Bible in Spain," the most popular, and, on the whole, the greatest of his books. A comparison of the latter work with the Letters shows that his method of composition was largely a mere matter of transcription, though there is some significance in the fact that the additions that go to make up "The Bible in Spain," from whatever source drawn, have little to do with his missionary labors, and a great deal to do with the incidents of the road and with the Gypsies and other outcasts he met by the way.

Two violent prejudices he carried with him everywhere, the Roman Catholic Church and what he was pleased to call gentility. The two had a strange way of coalescing in his mind, and were, it is scarcely uncharitable to say, merely symbols of that order and convention of society against which his whole nature rebelled. His years in Spain answered in every way to this petulance of his nature, and were altogether the happiest of his life. By the distribution of the Bible he was shattering, as he thought, the idolatry of Rome; while his ramblings through the Peninsula brought him into contact with a people at the furthest possible remove from the smugness of British gentility. He possessed a strange power over the wild creatures of the road, whether human or bestial, and often apparently with a glance or a word could change them from hostility to friendship or submission. Something of his joy in Spain, despite the extraordinary hardships he underwent, was no doubt due to the conscious exercise of this almost supernatural fascination. His service as translator and missionary for the Bible Society also brought into play his remarkable linguistic ability. If he was not quite the philologist he liked to call himself, and was capable of devising etymologies that would cause a trained scholar to gape and stare, he could at least make himself understood in a bewildering variety of tongues, from Manchu to Irish. It is characteristic of the man that his interest in a language increased in proportion to its eccentricity. Of Greek and Latin he apparently knew little and cared for them less. French and German and Italian attracted him languidly. But the vagabond speech of the Gypsy and the isolated language of Wales were his lifelong delight.

His days after leaving the Bible Society were embittered by quarrels and distracted by his own insatiable restlessness. Just before returning from Spain he married an English widow who brought him a small estate at Oulton, in Suffolk. He travelled at times, and "Wild Wales" is the fruit of much tramping and exploring in that country. But on the whole his attempt to settle down as a country gentleman was deplorable. He could not, or would not, make himself at home in conventional society, and as a lion he had no speech between a roar and outrageous silence. Strange stories of his ways got about. Children trembled at his approach: "older people he seldom spoke to when out on his solitary rambles; but sometimes he would flash out such a glance from beneath his broad-brimmed hat and shaggy eyebrows as would make timid country folk hasten on their way filled with vague thoughts and fears of the evil eye." Another writer tells how "his great delight . . . was to plunge into the darkening mere at eventide, his great head and heavy shoulders ruddy in the rays of the sun. Here he hissed and roared and spluttered, sometimes frightening the eel-catcher sailing home in the half-light, and remembering suddenly school legends of river-sprites and monsters of the deep."

Death came to him at the age of seventy-eight, broken, and chilled, and silenced. It was a passage for him, one likes to think, from the crowding conventions of the world into unencumbered spaces and into the heart of that untamed nature to which his own heart was akin.

III.

Such a man and such a life it might seem easy to pigeon-hole: he might be set down at once as the perfect type of the *picaro* in the nineteenth century. Yet there are aspects of his character which refuse to fit into such a frame. "The

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picaro," says M. Jusserand, with his accustomed precision, "holds a place in literature which is peculiarly his. Faithless, shameless, if not joyless, the plaything of fortune, by turn valet, gentleman, beggar, courtier, thief, we follow him into all societies. . . . There is no plot more simple or flexible, none that lends itself better to the study of manners, of abuses, of social eccentricities. The only defect is that, in order to abandon himself with necessary good will to the caprices of Fate, and in order to be able to penetrate everywhere, the hero has necessarily little conscience and still less heart." The path of the picaresque writer is indeed, in one sense, narrow and sharply defined. His rôle is to set forth the under side of life with all its variety of incident and its hostility to prescription, but he must do all this with a kind of imperturbability of conscience which converts evil into innocence. The moment he displays a touch of moral indignation he passes from the picaresque to the preacher or satirist, and if he shows the least disposition to gloat over things evil as disgusting or revolting he falls into the *genre* of the modern realist. Now in that strait road Borrow walked with all the apparent *insouciance* of a Gil Blas or a Colonel Jacque. From childhood to old age his pleasure was to associate with vagabonds and thimble-riggers, horse-thieves and poisoners, prize-fighters and cutthroats, and these are the people of his books. Mr. Watts-Dunton has told from personal experience how his very manners were moulded by the free company of the roadside:

> When Borrow was talking to people in his own class of life there was always in his bearing a kind of shy, defiant egotism. . . . But the moment he approached a gypsy on the heath, or a poor Jew in Houndsditch, or a homeless wanderer by the wayside, he became another man. He threw off the burden of restraint. The feeling of "armed neutrality" was left behind, and he seemed to be at last enjoying the only social intercourse that could give him pleasure. This it was that enabled him to make friends so entirely with the gypsies.

As for moral sensitiveness there is scarcely a trace of it to be found in any of the accounts of his astonishing adventures. Even when he relates the grewsome attempted murder of himself by Mrs. Herne, the mother-in-law of his peculiar friend, Jasper Petulengro, not a word falls from him of indignation or surprise or fear. And for his strength of stomach, I would recommend the episode of the Gypsy inn-keepers of Tarifa ("The Zincali," chapter iv) as equal to anything in the writings of Nash or the other mighty men of the Elizabethan age. After telling a story of poisoning and thievery the very memory of which would disturb the nights of a weak man, but which he observed without lifting his finger or uttering a word of protest, he dismisses the victims of the villany with the dispassionate comment: "Upon the whole, however, I did not pity them much." There is no sign of self-restraint in all this, no concealment of righteous anger, he is simply describing the scenes in which he felt himself at home, though, it need scarcely be added, his own conduct was ever scrupulously honest and clean.

That is the rôle of the *picaro*, and that is the part of Borrow generally when he deals with actual events. It might seem as easy to place him as it is to enjoy his sublime indifference to the troublesome laws of morality. Yet there was another side to his character which must not be forgotten: he was, if you please, while stopping at this den of robbers, and through all his extraordinary adventures in Spain and Africa, an evangelist and *colporteur* of Bibles, and he was as bold and as sincere in this rôle as he was in the other. On occasion he could take advantage of his intimacy with Gypsies and other outcasts to bring the Scripture to their attention, and there is one particularly striking scene in "The Zincali" which relates in the same breath how he became a participator in the most secret thoughts of a gang of Cordovese Gitanos, and how he perfected himself in their tongue by getting them to translate with him the Apostles' Creed. Nor when he came to moralize at large on Gypsy life was there anything in his tone to distinguish him from the most proper parson. "It is therefore to be hoped," he remarks, in one of his missionary moods, "that if the Gitanos are abandoned to themselves, . . . the sect will eventually cease to be, and its members become confounded with the residue of the population; for certainly no Christian, nor merely philanthropic heart, can desire the continuance of any sect or association of people whose fundamental principle seems to be to hate all the rest of mankind, and to live by deceiving them." Such is Borrow's impersonal reflection, entirely honest no doubt, on the people who were his chosen comrades and from whom came his philosophy of life. The *picaro* is a common character in literature, and the missionary also has his place, but where, except in the author of "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain," shall you find the indissoluble union in one man of the complete *picaro* and the dauntless missionary? The combination is piquant, to say the least.

IV.

And if Borrow's works follow the narrow tradition of the picaresque by avoiding on one side the claims of the conscience, they are equally true to the norm by escaping on the other side the peculiar appeal of the heart which is the essence of romance. Perhaps their most striking trait is just this unexpected absence of emotion in scenes where the follower of Wordsworth would revel in sentiment. In all Borrow's descriptions of the wild country of Wales and the Peninsula I can recall but a single instance of that revery so familiar to the nineteenth century in which the soul loves to lose itself in pantheistic contemplation of nature. Once, indeed, we see him sitting on the ruined wall at Monte Moro, absorbed in a dream of the world's rapturous beauty, while the memories of his past life flitted before his "eyes in airy and fantastic array, through which every now and then peeped trees and hills, and other patches of the real landscape." Yet even from this unwonted spell he rouses himself with the reflection that such "reveries . . . only serve to enervate the mind and steal many a minute which might be more profitably employed." It might seem sufficient to say that to Borrow, as to the other masters of the picaresque *genre*, the desolate and unusual scenes of nature were only a continuation, so to speak, of the spirit of adventure among strange human beings, and that the absence of sentimental personification was as necessary to the proper effect in the one case as the absence of moral concern was in the other. In a way that is true; but it is by no means the whole truth. I know not how it is, but somehow, without a touch of that conscious blending of the human and the natural by which the modern writer awakens our romantic emotions, and with seldom a word to indicate that his own heart was moved, Borrow has succeeded in giving to Nature a magic power to charm or appall the soul which many an artificer in sentiment might envy. There are, for example, two or three pages in "The Bible in Spain" describing the nocturnal journey from Bembibre to Villafranca, which for terror and sublimity it would be hard to match in any other English book; yet only in a single brief sentence, and that at the close of the narration, does any hint escape of deep feeling on the part of the writer himself.

The absence of direct human emotion in Borrow is even more surprising, not to say tantalizing, than the romantic sentiment of nature. It should seem at times as if he were utterly devoid of heart and the common passions of mankind. Think for a moment of the episode in Mumper's Dingle and all its emotional possibilities. It may not appear so extraordinary that he can go through the great fight with the Flaming Tinman as if his breast had never swelled with the feeling of rage or hatred or revenge, but where is the language to describe his relation to Isopel Berners? With minute detail he tells how she and he lived in their tents side by side in the remote and secret glen. We see the tall queen of the roads with

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all her blonde beauty and crown of yellow hair, a superb Amazon whose right hand was the flail of evil-doers and puny tempters; night after night we see her by the solitary light of the campfire serving her companion in simple devotion, her pride humbled to pliant submission, yet, so far as any expression escapes the writer, you would not know that he possessed a body. When the woman in her threatens to break out, he crushes her with lessons in the Armenian verb, drilling her in these antic exercises as a master might train a dog; but it is a wise reader who can say whether he does this deliberately to avoid the perils of the equivocal situation or as a pure pedant with no pulse to leap at danger. The whole episode is cruel and in any other writer would be sterile and unnatural. Yet withal, though there is no word of passion in these chapters, indeed scarcely a word of human feeling—save after Isopel has fled, and then the note of regret is feeble and false—they are able by some trick of composition, perhaps by the very absence of what is expected, to fix themselves in memory as one of the great love scenes of our literature. Was ever woman so coldly wooed before, we exclaim; but there exudes from that wooing, nevertheless, a thin, impalpable, intoxicating air of passion.

So Borrow appears to me as I seek the man himself within his books. Essentially a picaresque character to whom life was an adventure in which the conscience and heart have no concern, he was still on the one side as clean himself as the wind on the heather and as fearless in missionary work as a Jesuit, and on the other side he can convey to the reader some of the subtlest emotions of romanticism. I state the contrast sharply, knowing that it could be somewhat shaded away by exceptions and reservations; but the paradox is there and piques curiosity. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1899, shortly after its acquisition of the famous Francis Fry collection of Bibles, the British and Foreign Bible Society began the preparation of a new catalogue of its collection of editions of the Holy Scriptures. The first volume, which appeared in 1903, described editions of the Bible or parts of the Bible in the English language. This was an admirable piece of work, and has been continually referred to by every collector of printed English Bibles.

In the Preface of that first volume it was announced that the second volume, enumerating editions of the Scriptures printed in languages other than English, would "appear in 1904." Now, in 1912, this second portion is just ready, and, instead of being in one volume, is bound in three, aggregating 1,750 pages, and describing books printed in more than six hundred languages and dialects.

In order that the book might be as complete as possible, and of the utmost use to students, all known editions are described even though, in certain cases, there be no copy in the Society's own library. Such entries are indicated by being enclosed in heavy square brackets.

In all, there are described in the four volumes, 9,848 books, printed in 628 languages and dialects. Of these, a few are obsolete languages or dialects represented only by printed texts of early manuscript translations and others (no less than sixty-five) are modern dialects, in which versions have been printed purely for philological purposes. Fifty-seven of these latter belong to the series printed at the expense of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The opening division of this second volume consists of Polyglots, a term which the editors limit to editions printed in three or more languages. In each case the book is again entered under each of the languages included in it, in order that the historical development of the text in each language may be shown.

This division of polyglot versions is a minor one, filling only thirty-six pages. The remainder of the three thick volumes is occupied with descriptions of books printed in almost every known language or dialect of the world. These are arranged alphabetically, the dialects generally being put under the language to which they belong. A full index at the end enters all dialects, with variant spellings, making reference to the entries easy. While a large proportion of these languages and dialects are Asiatic, African, or South Sea Island dialects, into which portions of the Scriptures have been translated and printed for the use of missionaries, the space allotted to older printed editions of the Bible is ample, and the collations and descriptions full enough to answer all requirements. For example, the account of Latin Bibles fills one hundred and one pages, two hundred and forty-one editions being described, many of the descriptions filling a half-page, and some two or three pages. While Copinger, in his "Incunabula Biblica" (1892), enumerates one hundred and twenty-four editions in Latin printed before 1500, the editors of this catalogue reduce this number to "about one hundred after eliminating those which lack sufficient authentication." A considerable number of early editions are lacking in the Society's own collection. Of the Gutenberg Bible, the Society does not seem to own even a single leaf.

The Bible House Library dates its beginning from December 17, 1804, upon which date an appeal was sent out soliciting contributions of Bibles, Testaments, etc. One of the earliest donors was Granville Sharp, who sent in between thirty and forty volumes, among them being a copy of the second edition of Eliot's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1680-1685. The Society does not possess a complete copy of the first edition of this famous translation, but does own the New Testament, which was printed and issued separately in 1661, two years before the Old Testament was ready. They also own the even rarer "Massachusee Psalter" which was prepared by Experience Mayhew for the use of the Indians on Martha's Vineyard and which was printed by B. Green and J. Printer in Boston, in 1709. This "J. Printer" was an Indian first known as "James the printer," afterwards as James Printer, who had assisted in the printing of the earlier editions of the Indian Bible. In the note to the Indian New Testament (1661) we notice a lapse, where it is stated that the first press in Cambridge, established in 1683, was "under the charge of Samuel Green," no mention being made of Steven Daye, nor of his son Matthew Daye. As a matter of fact, Green did not take charge of the press until 1649, after the death of the two Dayes.

The Catalogue is edited by T. H. Darlow and H. F. Maule. In his Prefaces, Mr. Darlow acknowledges assistance from a host of Biblical students and philologists in all parts of the world. In its own field, the work stands alone and will prove indispensible to all who have to do with the bibliography of the Holy Scriptures.

Correspondence

"THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your editorial on "The Presidential Term," it seems to me evident that the real issue between yourself and the advocates of the six-year term is not so much the desirability of the six-year term as it is that of the changed conception of the Presidency. That conception, which you consider an argument against the six-year term, they regard as an argument in its favor—as, in fact, one of the very evils which the six-year term is designed in a measure to correct. It is regarded by them as essentially revolutionary. According to your description, the President is no longer a mere official, but something more—something so multiform and vague that his functions cannot be defined, but can only be indicated in a general way by such phrases as that, "he is not only a great public official, but the leader of a party"; that "he has more and more approached the office of a prime minister"; that "he is the great national figure, the chief national voice"; that "the people look to him both to propose and to execute"; that "he is to make use of his authority to put through measures for the general good," etc., etc.

It is evident that this new conception of the Presidency, whatever else may be said of it, is irreconcilably at war with what is most fundamental in our political system. Under that system nothing is more fundamental and essential than the partition of powers and the resultant division of responsibility. And nothing can be plainer than that under that partition of powers and division of responsibility, the duty of making laws is placed upon the people's representatives in Congress, and that, by necessary consequence, on them rests the responsibility for any failure in the performance of that duty.

True, the President is given a voice in legislation, but it is not a continuing voice, but only a well-defined and limited influence; and when that influence has been properly exerted the President's legislative responsibility ends.

As regards law-enforcement, nothing can be plainer than that it is the President's duty to enforce all existing laws with faithfulness and impartiality, regardless of his own opinion of their wisdom; that his responsibility ends with such enforcement;

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and that any evils resulting therefrom are chargeable not to the President, but to the law-making branch of the Government. But according to this new conception, the President is held responsible for all such evils, notwithstanding the fact that in order to be so responsible the enforcement of law must not be mandatory upon him but discretionary; and to make it thus discretionary would be to authorize him, at his option, to suspend the operation of laws, thus giving him, in addition to his limited constitutional veto power, an extra-constitutional veto power that is unlimited and absolute.

I say that this new conception of the Presidency is extra-constitutional and revolutionary. Without any change in the Constitution, and with perfect inconsistency and unreason, it ignores this most fundamental feature of our Government, and proceeds by extraneous methods to transform a supposedly constitutional President exercising only well defined functions into a President exercising additional functions that are vague and indefinable and wholly unknown to, and largely inconsistent with, the Constitution.

The assumption that this change has already been made, that this new conception of the Presidency has been accepted by the people, is quite unwarranted, for the very good reason that the people have had no opportunity to choose between accepting or rejecting it; and that if such opportunity were offered them—if a constitutional amendment were proposed vesting the President with such functions as are here involved—it would not even be deemed worthy of serious consideration. Such foothold as this new conception has already gained in practice is due, not to any intrinsic merit recommending its adoption, but to the apathy of the many who are not directly interested, coupled with the clamor and mental habit of the few who are directly interested—the world-old habit of calling upon a one-man power for immediate relief from individual ills, regardless of the remoter effects upon the general welfare.

This state of things is highly objectionable for many reasons, among which are these—that it tends to throw our entire scheme of government into confusion; that while it makes inconsistent and impossible demands upon a conscientious, constitutional President, it offers a golden opportunity to an unscrupulous and self-seeking demagogue; that it is one of the phases of that dangerous disrespect for law that is becoming so prevalent, and is also a phase of that insidious and sinister process of changing the substance of government without changing its form, by which all constitutional governments seem destined sooner or later to perish.

It is perfectly true, as you assume, that the length of the Presidential term should be adjusted to the nature of the Presidency; and if it were also true that we must have a Presidency corresponding to this new conception, the conclusion adverse to the six-year term would be correct. For a constitutional Presidency a six-year term would be short enough, but for an extra-constitutional Presidency the four-year term or any term at all would be quite long enough.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, June 10.

HARDY AND NIETZSCHE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on "The Love of Good Writing," the other day, you quote Thomas Hardy to the effect that "the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse." Hardy's statement recalls Nietzsche's aphorism in "Die fröhliche Wissenschaft" (2d ed., 1886), entitled "Prosa und Poesie," in which the great master of German prose deals with the same matter, and of which I offer the following translation:

Let us remember that the great masters of prose have almost always also been poets, whether openly or only covertly and for the closet; and, indeed, one writes good prose only face to face with poetry! For prose is an uninterrupted polite warfare with poetry: all its charms consist in continually evading and contradicting poetry; every abstraction must be presented as a roguery against poetry and in a mocking voice; all sobriety and frigidity is to set the lovely goddess in a pretty rage; often there are advances, momentary reconciliations, and then a sudden retreat and fits of laughter; often the curtain is raised and a glaring light allowed to enter just when the goddess is enjoying her twilights and sombre colors; often the word is taken out of her mouth and sung to a tune which makes her hold her delicate hands over her delicate ears—and so there are a thousand delights of the warfare, counting the defeats, of which the unpoetical, the so-called prosaic, know nothing; they consequently write and speak poor prose! War is the father of all good things; war is also the father of good prose! There were in this century four very remarkable and truly poetical persons who attained to a mastery of prose for which otherwise this century is not made—for the want of poetry, as already indicated. Apart from Goethe, who is justly claimed by the century which produced him, I regard only Giacomo Leopardi, Prosper Mérimée, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Walter Savage Landor, the author of the "Imaginary Conversations," as worthy to be called masters of prose.

Nietzsche wrote out of such a wealth of information that one hesitates to question his conclusions. Nevertheless, it is not unlikely that a wider survey of universal literature than is possible to a single individual would readily furnish additions to the quartet of great prose writers enumerated by him. But however that may be, the interesting point here to observe is how closely related his description of the conditions under which good prose is produced is to Thomas Hardy's.

G. S.

New York, June 17.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 6, the "Mission of the Church" is discussed, and the question is asked, "What shall the church do to be saved?" The answer seemingly would depend on what one conceives the church to be. In the discussion cited, the answer is that salvation lies neither in a return to the old ways, *i. e.*, more theology, nor in greater social service, but in the elevation of the motives that actuate men and women, the strengthening of their better selves. All this is doubtless true, but before one considers what institutional activity should be it is well to define to oneself just what the institution is. On this depends the true understanding of the relation of "Smith" to the church: "Smith," the man who thinks that the church is a good thing for Jones, but who for himself gets on comfortably without it.

An ancient Greek, who is somewhat of Smith's type, is quoted by Deissmann: *ἐπὶ μὲν τῷ ἐρρῶσθαί σε, εὐθέως τοῖς θεοῖς εὐχαρίστουν.* Compare this with St. Paul's, "We give thanks to God always for you all . . . remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, before our God and Father." Notice the difference. Our ancient "Smith" thanks the "Gods" and gets along very well, the Apostle thanks the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and seemingly gets along no better; the former gives thanks for a single past event, the latter's thanks are but the audible expression of a constant prayer-communion with God; the object of the gratitude of the pious heathen is "bodily health," that of the Apostle's thanksgiving is the good condition of his followers as Christians. What now is the Church, the Christian Church, but the institutional form in which a believing spirit akin to that of the Apostle clothes itself? If so, how can it be saved in the absence of such piety? Smith may believe that churches are good things, and "he may do almost anything for a church," but, though his money will doubtless be gratefully accepted and his well-chosen words of encouragement will surely be highly appreciated, yet if he stands outside the circle and enough people follow his example the Church as already defined simply fulfils the course of nature and dies. The burden of proof, whatever these mysterious words mean, may nowadays have shifted to the man who attends church, but it should seem that the multitude of "Smiths" ought at least to tell us why the ideas of Christ and his apostles make such a feeble appeal to them that no corresponding personal activity of a social and institutional kind results. Usually we have no difficulty in estimating the depth of an interest whose results are purely negative.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Lincoln University, Pa., June 7.

RELIGION OF SENSIBLE MEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a communication to the *Nation* for May 30, your correspondent, in discussing the remark concerning the "religion of all sensible men" attributed to Disraeli, traces it back to Garth and suggests that it may be referred to a period even more remote. As a matter of fact, the first Earl of Shaftesbury (1621-1683) is an earlier reputed author. Speaker Onslow in a note to Burnet's "History of His Own Time" (ed. Oxford, 1823, I. p. 164) is the authority for the following anecdote: "A person came to make him a visit while he was sitting one day with a lady of his family, who retired upon that to another part of the room with her work, and seemed not to attend to the conversation between the Earl and the other person, which turned soon into some dispute upon subjects of religion; after a good deal of that sort of talk, the Earl said at last":

"People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion." Upon which, says the lady, of a sudden, "Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?" "Madam," says the Earl, "men of sense never tell it."

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In the "Dictionary of National Biography," xii, 130, a brief and slightly different version of the same story is cited from Sheffield's memoirs.

ARTHUR LYON CROSS.

Ann Arbor, Mich., June 1.

"JURMUNGLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with Professor Bruce's letter in your issue of May 30, I should like to call attention to the fact that the Italian *garbuglio* means the same as the Yorkshire *jurmungle*. I do not think, however, that this meaning explains the passage in Nashe's "Lenten Stuffe."

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., June 15.

KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "In these last days" one can hardly turn over the pages of a periodical devoted to the advancement of learning without coming upon at least a passage or two deploring the lack of training in the use of our mother tongue exhibited in our current literature, using the term "literature" to designate everything that appears in print.

One of the causes is, of course, the immense quantity of printed matter and the rapidity with which it is produced. But there is no room for doubt that our modern method of educating the young is likewise largely responsible. We are persistently told that we should train the judgment, not the memory. The injunction is in itself meaningless. The savage uses his judgment in spearing a fish, or in tracking game, or in pursuing an enemy. The important question is not whether we should use our judgment, but how and upon what objects. In modern education a great deal of stress is laid upon those branches that are mainly observational. In the natural and physical sciences the student's work is largely of this character. In his experiments he is taught to produce phenomena, or to interpret the phenomena that come under his observation. In nine cases out of ten, this is mere routine work. On the other hand, in the older curricula, the laboratory occupied a very subordinate place. In the nature of the case, the student whose time was mainly occupied in the recitation room, or in preparing for it, no matter what the subject dealt with, was compelled to use his mother tongue, and received a great deal of unconscious training. Neither in England nor in this country was the native language carefully taught; generally it was not taught at all. But the student had much practice in the use of speech. This is not only true of English, but of German as well, as current German periodicals abundantly testify.

The decadence of speech has kept pace with the advance of modern education. The great writers, almost without exception, received their training under the old régime, although in the case of such authors as George Eliot, outside of the schools. To tell what we see is very different from telling what we think. The student at once learns this when he undertakes to describe an experiment, as compared with the writing of an essay on some literary or historical theme. To use authorities with discrimination; to discover a writer's motives beneath his words; to test his credibility as a witness; to distinguish between thoughts and mere phrases; in short, to fathom the psyche through its tangible manifestation, then to set forth the verdict with clearness and force, is a task that is almost infinitely more difficult. It is only after long and arduous practice that the vast majority of young people can attain even moderate success.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., June 20.

Literature

THE OLD BUDDHA.

The Great Empress Dowager of China. By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A., Former Editor of the Hongkong *Daily Press*. With 16 illustrations, including a photogravure frontispiece. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Two Years in the Forbidden City. By the Princess Der Ling, First Lady in Waiting to the Empress Dowager. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.

The serious student of modern China may look with misgiving upon any fresh attempt to relate the history of the famous Empress Dowager, whose career was so vividly set forth in the work of Messrs. Bland and Backhouse, already reviewed in these columns. Yet both of these books on the Old Buddha must be accounted worth while. They provide additional material, which the student will accept with becoming gratitude, and they offer the reader who does not pretend to be serious less documented accounts of the most picturesque Imperial personage of modern times. The two volumes before us admirably supplement each other. The Hongkong editor summarizes from the foreigner's point of view the history of half a century, the Manchu Princess supplies incidents and a setting from which we gain a lively impression of a great character.

Mr. Sergeant's résumé of events leading to the crisis that placed the throne of China in charge of a woman is a model of candor and sensible statement. His succinct account of the opium traffic, the "Arrow" War, and the punishment of Manchu arrogance stands by itself among histories written by Englishmen for its detachment from national prejudice. An instance of his fairness is worth citing, for it displays a quality which commends the book as a trustworthy guide to those unable to impugn his evidence. In quoting Lord Elgin's famous decision to burn the Summer Palace as a solemn act of retribution for a great crime, he says:

> The argument is weak. The Congo atrocities would not have been expiated by the burning of the late King Leopold's Palace at Ostend, nor did even the fact of tortures having taken place in the Yuen-Ming-Yuen make it a rational thing to give warning against murder by the destruction of a fine historical monument such as the Summer Palace was. Lord Elgin was right, however, in expecting his deed to impress the Chinese Court.

There are other places in the book where one would willingly stop to consider the author's sympathetic attitude towards China—an attitude the more remarkable because his residence in the Empire was in Hongkong, the hotbed of extreme anti-Chinese views. Some reservations must be made to this general commendation. His opinion of the Tsung-li Yamen's memorandum of 1871 as a basis for the settlement of the missionary question is more optimistic than that of others who have followed the history of this period, but he is justified in blaming the foreign Ministers for ignoring their proposal for friendly discussion, "the result of which was increasing trouble down to the present day for Western Powers, and for China constant unrest." These subjects, however, are mainly introductory to the political career of the great Empress. So far as that remarkable woman's personality is concerned, it must be confessed that she is seen in these pages as through a glass darkly when compared with the singular illumination thrown upon her by the account of her handmaiden.

The tendency among foreigners living in China to interpret the Dowager Empress's character in accordance with their own standards has been stronger than among observers outside. The resulting opinions are utterly confusing. A true estimate of her would seem to lie, as it does in this book, somewhat nearer the opinions of those who defended than those who blamed her. We must rate her among the sovereigns of antiquity, a consistent upholder of dynastic right, not as the Moses of her people. Her genius for leadership, which was great, showed itself in an eminently feminine form as the champion of that which was personally nearest and dearest to her desires. She was detested by her Chinese subjects not on account of her cruelty, but because they hated the Manchus, and this hatred has been reflected in the valuation of many foreigners who only knew the situation at second hand. The other side of the case—the saving influence of her personal superiority—was appreciated only by the very limited number of those who were made aware of the charm and even elevation of her manner. Yet, though possessed of fine traits, she could not be trusted to exercise them if they interfered with her passionate resentments. When once aroused she would not forgive, as was shown in the crushing of Kwang-hsu and in her vindictive persecution of Kang Yu-wei and his follow-

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ers, whose programme was a challenge to her supremacy. She was a great opportunist without much constructive statecraft. Her genius lay in reading character, but her autocratic temper rendered the shrewd men she selected chiefly skilful in riding out the storms of her passion with little opportunity to guide her to wiser policies. With her other qualities must also be included her amazing superstition, which explains her belief in the supernatural pretensions of the Boxers and the ease with which some of her unscrupulous attendants played upon her. On the whole, though she cannot be acquitted of grave faults, she impresses the reader as a woman of splendid endowment. It brings us nearer to a just appreciation of the East to listen to Mr. Sergeant's suggestion not to assume that Oriental character must be actuated by motives

different from those of other men and women in similar positions. Yet in no other way can the maxim of Confucius, "under the four heavens all men are brothers," more truly be applied than in the study of motives in mankind, East and West. It is unnecessary to seek for the topseyturveydom which Europeans delight to find in China, or to talk of the inscrutable East. The East is no more inscrutable than the West. But all human nature becomes inscrutable if one begins by rejecting the simple explanations on account of their simplicity.

The Manchu Princess, whose two years in the Forbidden City in attendance on her Majesty is as delightful as it is informing, supplies in her book an appropriate commentary upon this remark. The daughter of a progressive Manchu prince by an educated Eurasian, she had the exceptional fortune of a training under the best auspices of both Chinese and European culture. Upon the return of her father from the post of Chinese Minister in Paris, she was taken with her mother and sister into the Imperial Palace to serve the old Empress as her interpreter and first lady-in-waiting. The contact of East and West under these unusual conditions involved plenty of piquant incidents, but, happily, no occasion for antagonism. The young princess entered the court with hopes of inducing the Old Buddha to learn more about Western ideals and institutions, and of thereby furthering the progress of reform; she discovered that her mistress was too old to depart from her life-long habits and convictions. If we compare her to Marie Antoinette, and recall the satisfied obstinacy with which the French Queen and her court resisted the new conception of sovereignty, demanded by her people with far greater insistence than Tsz Hsi's subjects, we begin to understand the irreducible obstacles in the way of Der Ling's ambition. There is nothing, then, peculiarly Oriental in the situation. What strikes the Western observer is the fact that nothing in her association with the most brilliant and imposing display of Oriental culture which the young girl could have encountered in the modern world modified her own stanch preference for the ways of the West. It is something to note in passing that loyalty to this opinion could withstand the very real temptation of court life and the personal influence of a gracious patron.

The account of the daily life in the palaces of this Imperial lady is given with a simplicity which renders it quite convincing. There are glimpses of dark undercurrents in the mysterious intrigues of the eunuchs and the gossiping court women, almost without exception ignorant and inane, but the healthy mind of the author seems to have noticed the cruelty and the greed lurking beneath the surface only to avoid them. They do not interest her and she does not tell tales. She was obviously a favorite with the *Lao Tsu Tsung* (the "Old Ancestor," the conventional court name for the Empress), and sincerely strove to deserve her kindness by devotion. The irresistible charm of that supreme figure reduces all the glamor, the wickedness, and the work of those two busy years to insignificance. Every turn in this minute and varied account brings us back to the one being upon which it is centred. The character of Tsz Hsi as disclosed in this record shows a woman who, despite her fascination, was capable of ruthless acts and curiously fond of indirections, even where a straightforward course would appear to have offered greater chances of success. One cannot blame her for practices which are understood to be the foundation of Oriental *bienséance*, and were forced upon her from the first by the sinister company of the Palace. Perhaps the pollution about her was the main cause of her failure to achieve statesmanship. We cannot tell; but her habit of concealing while seeming to uncover was vitiating and led her sometimes into fantastic little deceits. When Mrs. Conger was received in a certain private audience there was no necessity, of course, for showing the American ladies her bedroom. She determined, however, to do so, ordering her attendants to "change everything, so as not to show them our daily life."

We started to work (says the author) taking off the pink silk curtains from every window and changing them for sky blue (the color she hated); then we changed the cushions on the chairs to the same color. While we were watching the eunuchs doing the work, several of them came into the room, carrying a large tray full of clocks. By this time her Majesty had come into the room and ordered us to remove all her white and green jade Buddhas and take some of the jade ornaments away, for these things were sacred and no foreigner should see them, so we replaced them with these clocks instead. We also took away the three embroidered door curtains and changed them for ordinary satin ones. . . . Her toilet table was the most important thing. She would not let any one see it—not even the wives of the officials who came in, so, of course, we had to put it in a safe place and lock it up. We changed her bed from pink color into blue. All her furniture was made of sandalwood, also carvings on her bed. This sandalwood, before it was made into furniture, was placed in different temples to be sanctified, so, of course, no foreigner could see it. As we could not take this carving from her bed we covered it up with embroidered hangings.

Though some of the great names of modern China appear in these pages, the narrative adds nothing of importance to our knowledge of political events during the last days of the Ta Ching Dynasty. Fortunately for herself, the author did not possess a capacity for intrigue; if she had she would hardly have retained her position. There are interesting and suggestive sketches of the late Emperor, who mopes quite pathetically in the background, and of his consort, a likeable woman of the old Dowager's clan; also of Miss Carl, the American artist, who seems to have been a closely guarded but unconscious prisoner in the Palace while painting her famous portrait of Tsz Hsi. But these reminiscences are chiefly commendable for what they divulge unconsciously; for, like their subject, their abiding charm lies in their femininity.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fathers of Men. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of "Raffles" has here performed what is clearly a labor of love. It is one thing to write clever and ingenious tales for the market, and it is quite another to officiate as celebrant of the time-honored mysteries of the English public school. Mr. Hornung tells this story of school life in that mood of affectionate loyalty which the great schools of England have always been able to arouse in their sons. The story is good in itself, but, after all, the main thing is the atmosphere. The central situation would be impossible in the really American type of school, though not perhaps in certain of our private institutions built upon the English model. A stable-boy, son of a coachman and an eloping lady, is taken up by his mother's relatives after the father's death, and sent to a public school. From the beginning his career is shadowed by the horrid secret of his birth and early life in the stables; and his eventual triumph as a student, and more particularly as an athlete, is presented as a notable victory over untoward fate. Jan Rutter's experience, compared with that of hundreds of American boys of equally humble origin who are forced to work their own way through school

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and college, seems a pretty comfortable one.

The incidental interests of school life, more particularly the incident of athletics, plays an undisguisedly prominent part. We are used to conceding that the English student has more common-sense in this regard than the American. But cricket means as much to Jan as football to Stover of Yale. Even Heriot, the refreshingly human schoolmaster of this story, is moved in the end to wonder what it has all profited. "A bit of Latin and a lot of cricket, no doubt; but how far are they coming in?" Heriot and Jan agree that the school has justified itself as a school of character; and that the sense of loyalty to the school itself is no small thing to have gained: "My brethren and my home are there." The story is not another "Tom Brown at Rugby," but it ranks fairly with later stories of the type—we think especially of Mr. Vachell's "The Hill."

Roddles. By B. Paul Neuman. London: John Murray.

The adult lower middle-class Englishman continues to figure as a favorite hero of current fiction. Such a thing had not been dreamed of half a century ago. Imagine Dickens giving the centre of his stage to Mr. Boffin! Now it is possible for an old Christopher to be the real hero of "Joseph Vance"; and a Mr. Polly or a Roddles may be spared even titular rivalry. Roddles is an uncommonly appealing figure—a little Cockney tailor, superficially weak, but essentially strong. Two sons are left young upon his hands by the death of their mother. For himself Roddles is well enough content to remain poor and shabby and drunken. But he is a man of thought in his way, and a man of will. He determines that his boys shall have the best advantages and win a high place in the world. He takes it for granted that each of them is going to the top, therefore he sends them to separate schools, and starts them toward different careers, so that there may be no chance of their interfering with each other. They are boys of extraordinary ability and docility. His ambition imposes itself upon them as a law, and his programme is actually carried out to the letter. They take the highest honors at school and university, and push rapidly forward in their chosen careers. Roddles has never shown personal affection for them, and it is part of his plan that from the moment they begin to rise they shall see as little of him as possible. He is a drinking man, and, when they are fairly launched, succumbs more and more frequently to his temptation. He sinks lower and lower, and in the end finds himself out of work and on the edge of starvation. He will not apply to his sons, and sees nothing ahead but suicide, when—an extraordinary thing happens. The end of the story is unexpected, and perhaps a little improbable. Suddenly and frankly the narrative is shifted from the plane of realism to romance—or is it merely to a higher realism? There is a fine touch of irony in the closing scene.

Japonette. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The piquant situation with which Mr. Chambers likes to open his popular romances is not wanting here—something less than fresh in substance, but piquancy is a question of handling. The young man who comes home to find his quarters occupied by a beautiful and innocent maiden is a hero at least as old as the Arabian Nights. But there are numberless ways of developing the situation. In the present instance, the maiden is a distant relative of the young man, though they have never met. She and her not less charming sister have been installed in the New York apartment of the absentee by a faithless servant, who does not dream of the master's return. But the master has lost all his money, and returns to America to find himself owner of nothing but the apartment in question—and two new and lovely cousins. The device the three hit upon for making a joint living is sufficiently ingenious and "up-to-date." Of course, the young man is fated to wed that one of the sisters who has first dawned upon his vision. In the meantime, the other persons in the action are suitably active in supplying obstacles, misunderstandings, jealousies, and such indispensable adjuncts to romance; nor is a villain lacking. Mr. Gibson's drawings again admirably illustrate a mediocre text.

Hidden House. By Amélie Rives (the Princess Troubetzkoy). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The theme of double personality has been pretty frequently handled by writers of fiction during the past decade or two, and we cannot say that the present writer adds anything of novelty to its treatment. The earnest young man, alternately in love with the two different young women who take turns at occupying the same body, has been presented repeatedly; and in two instances, at least, with remarkable skill: in a short story by Miss Alice Brown, the title of which we do not recall, and in W. H. Mallock's novel ("An Immortal Soul"). The Princess Troubetzkoy has given the subject a new setting. The action takes place in a little remote house in the Virginia mountains—a place inaccessible by vehicle or beast of burden. Far up the mountain-side in this house dwell an old Scotchman and his daughter, tended by a huge negress. The hero comes there (rather unaccountably) as a boarder, and finds himself at once under the spell of an unnamable mystery. There are, it seems, two daughters of the house, who are never there at the same time. It is understood that they alternately visit an aunt. One of them, Moina, is a modest, serious, womanly girl, and it is she whom young Marston first finds in possession at Hidden House. He is at once attracted to her, and they have reached the verge of an understanding, when the girl vanishes overnight, and her sister, Robina, takes her place. Robina is a scatter-brained, coquettish, brilliant girl, and soon gets the "paying guest" in a sad state of emotional turmoil. She is the grandfather's favorite, and he does all he can to help along the affair between her and Marston. She has poetic powers, and the unconquerable lust for life which still burns in the old man's veins. He longs to see her in permanent possession of life; but, of course, Moina returns, and it is given us to understand that this time she has won the field. It is the old theme, and it must be admitted that the author of "The Quick and the Dead" has not greatly improved in delicacy of touch or feeling since that little work (it seems mild enough now) made its little sensation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A History of French Literature. By C. H. Conrad Wright, Assistant Professor of French in Harvard University. New York: Henry Frowde. $3 net.

Histories of French literature for English readers are neither numerous nor satisfactory. The shorter ones, including Dowden's excellent compend, are too brief to satisfy anybody but the amateur. Of the longer ones, Mr. Saintsbury's uneven and erratic volume has *faute de mieux* long held the field. Mr. Wright's very handsome and substantial work will therefore be received with eager interest.

It is evident from the start that Mr. Wright possesses, especially on the scholarly side, certain qualifications for his task which have not previously been brought to it. He has extraordinary familiarity with French history and politics. There is nothing perfunctory in his sketching in of the historical background. Moreover, he carries his torch into many of the purlieus of literature which the critic is usually only too content to abandon to the scholarly specialist. There is an excellent chapter on Scholasticism, another on Renaissance Platonism. The growth of the Renaissance spirit is competently handled. In Mr. Saintsbury's index neither Abelard nor Ramus appears. The pages dealing with periods where literature and politics overlap are among the best in the book. Throughout there is evidence of intimate and ordered knowledge and of

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wide reading easily held and readily utilized.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Wright has the defect of his quality. He limits himself far too much to the purely historic aspects of his subject. His abundant knowledge results in clear sight rather than in clarifying insight. His lucidity, which is very considerable, remains on the whole a lucidity of the eye. There is no well-defined intellectual reaction on his part, no sifting of fact in the interest of unifying principle. He sees the features of a given age with remarkable fulness and with a conscientiously well-directed gaze; but the ordering of the tangled phenomena remains mechanical. The result, viewed as philosophic criticism, is apt to be only a pigeonholed chaos. Mr. Wright is a judicious and well-informed chronicler rather than a penetrating philosophic critic.

As a result, his treatment of the great writers is decidedly uneven. As soon as he approaches their artistic and personal side, his sentences exhibit a centrifugal tendency. We get scattering observations which he lacks the skill to bind into a sheaf, because they have no underlying unity of conception. So much of a writer as may be intellectually formulated he presents to us in lucid exposition; but this done, he gropes and fumbles. Accordingly, he writes an eminently satisfactory chapter on Taine, a very unsatisfactory one on Sainte-Beuve, a fairly adequate one on the ideas of Renan, but one from which Renan himself is absent. Mr. Wright is at his best in periods where he has to deal mainly with the history of tendencies and movements. He travels with an orderly ease, which Mr. Saintsbury is far from emulating, through the chaotic literature of the sixteenth century, and his eighteenth century is far more satisfactory than his favored period, the seventeenth, and immeasurably more so than his nineteenth century. His chapter on the tendencies of twentieth-century literature is, on the other hand, a masterly disentanglement of very complicated literary phenomena in an as yet virgin field.

In so far as he ventures to appear at all, the critic is almost always the judge. His judgments are summary, severe, Rhadamanthine. They are pervasively tinctured with irony and have an unpleasantly acid, even acrid flavor. They put us out of sympathy even with an expected and justified verdict. The prisoner may deserve hanging, but we protestingly feel that he has not been fairly heard. Even the truth itself becomes unwelcome. When Mr. Strachey, in his excellent epitome of French literature, says that "Chateaubriand had all the vanity of Rousseau, but none of his honesty," we read on unshocked; but the case is different when Mr. Wright tells us that "Chateaubriand was one of the worst liars and plagiarists in literature"—and if, for the moment, we can think of literature at all, it is of campaign literature. When Mr. Saintsbury says that Lamartine's verse is marred by the perpetual current of sentimental complaining, we readily allow his point of view; but when Mr. Wright speaks of "the moping Lamartine" or of "the whine of Lamartine," we are less sensible of the defect imputed to the poet than we are of the defect revealed in his critic.

When not thus negative and ironical, when they remain soberly æsthetic, these summary judgments are nearly always reminiscent of tradition and are pronounced with due knowledge of precedents. One is even tempted at times to think that tradition and precedent are their sole generating source, so sedulous is the author in avoiding the personal attitude and the personal note. Above all, he stoically refuses to betray any hint of personal delectation. He seems so intent on preserving his critical balance that he will neither bow before genius nor condescend to a familiar nod of recognition to authors with whom he cultivates a special acquaintance. He thus deprives us, no doubt, of more than one fine page that he might have given us, pages where analysis is vivified by sympathy, and where criticism acquires something of the accent and the inspiring power of literature because the spirit of the writer is speaking through his interpreter. There is a whole line of writers, men like Boileau, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, perhaps Racine, with whom Mr. Wright would seem to have a certain spiritual kinship, and of whom he might have written *con amore*. It is to be regretted that his austere conception of critical impartiality seems to dictate this colorless and impersonal attitude.

It is in dealing with the great and approved masters that this lack of geniality, this chill abstention from literary delight, is especially striking. What should be the preliminaries of criticism crowd out and replace criticism itself. In the chapter on Rousseau, the longest in the book, we get an excellent though rather ironic exposition of his ideas, but no adequate explanation of the magic by which he imposed those ideas on the world and became the greatest literary influence, perhaps, of all time. Rousseau the sophist is very fully presented, but not the Rousseau who walked every morning to Bercy to hear the nightingales sing. The same remark applies to the "Provinciales." We get very little notion of Pascal's method, of the wit and irony that converted polemic into literature. The "Provinciales" are viewed not as literature, but as history. The miracle of Pascal's style, even in the "Pensées," is hardly more than hinted.

A word must be said about Mr. Wright's own style. In its general texture, it is the unpretending style, a little dry and colorless and lacking in fervency, but clear and occasionally crisp, which satisfies though it may not delight. But this level is by no means kept. There are frequent lapses due to over-hasty condensation which reduces the sentence to a disparate carry-all. We ought to have been spared a sentence like this: "Lamartine had written various poems in the prevailing fashion, . . . but a new emotional crisis came in the form of love for Mme. Charles, the Poet's Elvire (the Julie of Raphaël), the young consumptive wife of an elderly scholar, soon ended by her death, and the effect on him was permanent." There are not less frequent lapses into undignified colloquialism, flippancy, and trivial expressiveness. In an age when expressiveness is killing expression, the abused reader may well protest. Especially in a writer so sober in matter as Mr. Wright, these inebrieties of manner are unbecoming. Mr. Wright's authors produce books which are sometimes "off-color" and sometimes "heavy-weight," they have "fads," they "crib," they "boom" their books, etc. Montesquieu has a "hobby-horse subject," the elder Balzac produces "flatulent periods," Mérimée has a "dirty mind," and Gessner's imitators treat subjects "immersed in the sticky sentimentality of German molasses-literature." Turn, for illustration of all these faults at once, to the pages on Mme. de Staël. The first sentence tells us that she "was the daughter of the Swiss banker Necker, who made fruitless attempts to reform the finances of France, and of his wife, renowned by her salon." The second sentence tells us that "as a girl, she was an excellent example of the infant phenomenon of her sentimental environment." Next we learn that this "compound of brains and emotion" married, and that "her fondness for talking and dabbling in politics kept her in hot water all her life." We learn that Benjamin Constant "for years hung about her skirts," but subsequently "stole a march on her and got another wife," whereafter her desire for love "was at last satisfied by a pretty boy named Rocca," who "had been nearly shot to pieces in military service," Mme. de Staël marrying "what was left of him." Much of what is thus detailed may be not undeserving of satiric comment—but the irony might have been lighter. Mr. Wright presently insinuates a masculine origin for the ideas of "De l'Allemagne," and adds that Schlegel "was for years a tutor in Mme. de Staël's family and she had every opportunity to eviscerate him." Her book, it seems, led the French "to adopt at least for a time a mentality as well as a sentimentality, compounded from England and Germany, grafted on Rousseau."

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It would be unjust to cite this chapter as typical of Mr. Wright's habitual manner. It is not. But it is typical of Mr. Wright's manner when he tries to be disagreeable to an author, and this unhallowed mood is far too recurrent in his work to make it a wholly safe guide in literary criticism. It is regrettable that such radical defects in tone and temper, combined with such pervasive æsthetic meagreness, should mar a work so conscientious, so impeccably accurate in the presentation of a vast array of facts, so intelligent in the handling of ideas, and displaying such remarkable grasp of the historic background.

For facts, for analysis of ideas, and for what is now in Chicago called *historicity*, the English reader will find this the safest guide, and he may trust it implicitly—he will find nothing analogous to Mr. Saintsbury's statement: "Chénier has been somewhat unfortunate in his editors!" But for æsthetic criticism, and, strange as it may seem, even for amenity and distinction of style, he may still continue to stick to Mr. Saintsbury—or no—rather let him learn French and turn to some of the works registered in Mr. Wright's excellent and extensive bibliography.

The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences. By Hilary A. Herbert, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

The author of this brochure was a member of Congress from Alabama for sixteen years prior to his four years of service as Secretary of the Navy during Cleveland's second Administration, and throughout the Civil War, in which he was a loyal Confederate soldier, "he maintained the belief, in which he had been educated, that slavery was right, morally and economically. One day, not long after Appomattox," as he records, "he told his father he had reached the conclusion that slavery was wrong. The reply was, to the writer's surprise, that his mother in early life had been an avowed emancipationist; that she (who had lived until the writer was sixteen years old) had never felt at liberty to discuss slavery after the rise of the new abolitionists and the Nat Turner insurrection; and then followed the further information that when, in 1846, the family removed from South Carolina to Alabama, Greenville, Ala., was chosen for a home because it was thought that the danger from slave insurrections would be less there than in one of the richer 'black counties.' What a creature of circumstances man is! The writer's belief about a great moral question, his home, his schoolmates, and the companions of his youth, were all determined by a movement begun in Boston, Massachusetts, before he was born in the far South!"

In this philosophic mood, Mr. Herbert, who might have pushed further back to the formation of the Constitution, or the landing of the first slaves at Jamestown, for the early determining influences upon his life, has undertaken a brief retrospect of the great conflict which resulted in the abolition of slavery, and points the lessons he thinks should be drawn from it. Briefly stated, these seem to be:

First, that if the Abolitionists had not been so violent in their denunciation of slavery, the South might, in some dim, distant future, have discovered a way (not even now possible of outline) to abolish it peacefully, and that a promising trend in the South towards emancipation (or "reform from within," as the party phrase goes) was summarily stopped by the Northern agitation.

Secondly, that their condemnation of the United States Constitution for its pro-slavery compromises—its tolerance of the African slave trade for a period of twenty years; the unjust political advantage accorded the South in granting (mis)representation for three-fifths of the slave population; and the provision for the return of fugitive slaves—was unpardonable, the Constitution being sacrosanct in the author's eyes, and any suggestion of a "higher law" of morals inadmissable.

Mr. Herbert frankly acknowledges that he has not made much effort in the direction of original research, and has relied mainly on published documents, mostly from Northern and anti-slavery writers, whom he cites occasionally and respectfully. Indeed, he has written in excellent spirit and with due recognition of the courage and unselfishness of the anti-slavery leaders. For his first contention, however, he fails to produce evidence of any depth or vitality of anti-slavery sentiment in the South prior to the Garrisonian movement. Scattered societies existed among the Quakers of North Carolina and Tennessee, and Virginia statesmen from Jefferson and Patrick Henry to John Randolph characterized slavery and its evils in language which the abolitionists of later years were content to adopt as adequate and justifying all that they averred, but the only organized movement which received the countenance of Southern leaders of public opinion was the American Colonization Society, the prime motive of which was to rid the South of its free colored population by deportation to Africa. The destruction of this society, which was Janus-faced in its appeals to Southern slaveholders on the one side, and to Northern philanthropists on the other, was rightly deemed by Garrison the first essential step in his crusade, and it fell under the withering fire of the deadly parallel columns of his "Thoughts on Colonization." The Society's postulate, however, that whites and blacks cannot live on equal terms, and with equal rights and opportunities, in the same communities, is still maintained, and is the root of the unjust denial of full civil and political rights, equal school privileges and opportunities, and protection against mob violence and outrage, against which our colored fellow-citizens have such bitter cause to protest.

Mr. Herbert rejoices in the abolition of slavery and recognizes the marvellous advance made by the emancipated race, but he complacently declares this to be "one of the results of slavery"! On the other hand, he thinks "the wonderful progress made by the Southern white man during the last thirty-five years is by no means all due to the abolition of slavery." "*The initial cause of all our troubles*" he declares to have been—not slavery, but "*the formation by Garrison of those Abolition societies.*" (The italics are his.) Garrison's act of burning the pro-slavery Constitution on a certain occasion (after the rendition of a fugitive slave) fills him with horror, and he even finds "a connecting chord," in the climax of his book, between that and the burning of the poor negro by the Coatesville mob last August, "for one body of outlaws was defying the laws of Pennsylvania; the other was defying the fundamental laws of the nation"—presumably a wickeder offence. But while Mr. Herbert holds the Constitution in such reverence, and confesses that agitation for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment would be "worse than useless," he views with unconcern the virtual burning of that corner of the sacred document by the Southern States, and foresees trouble in the future, not from this deadly violation of the "fundamental law of the nation," but from the protest and agitation against it which will not cease until we match our creed with our deed.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 4.

Two volumes of essays will be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in the autumn—one by Meredith Nicholson, whose title is not yet announced, and "The American Mind," by Prof. Bliss Perry.

Prof. Arthur H. R. Fairchild is bringing out, through the Putnams, "The Making of Poetry—A Critical Study of Its Nature and Value."

As American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "Silva Latina—A Latin Reading Book," chosen and arranged by J. D. Duff; "Silas Marner," edited, with introduction and notes, by F. E. Bevan, and "Dumfriesshire" (Cambridge County Geographies), by James King Hewison.

John Lane Co. is issuing this week: "The Dewpond," by Charles Marriott; "Elizabeth in Retreat," by Margaret Westrup, and the

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English version of "The Recollections of Guy de Maupassant," by his valet François.

The Riccardi Press will issue immediately the first two volumes of "Virgil." The text is that of Henry Nettleship, edited by Prof. J. P. Postgate.

A monograph, entitled "Mrs. Humphry Ward: Her Work and Influence," is in the list of Kegan Paul & Co. The author is J. Stuart Walters.

H. Addington Bruce is at work on a new book for the autumn, entitled "Woman in the Making of America" (Little, Brown).

Holt has in hand "Some English Story Tellers, A Book of the Younger Novelists." It is a companion volume to "Some American Story Tellers."

Laird & Lee of Chicago have in press "A Romance of the Road," a story of business life, by Alice Curtice Moyer.

Autumn announcements of Doubleday, Page & Co. include: "The Opened Door," a novel dealing with economic problems in England, by Alfred Ollivant; "The Man Farthest Down," by Booker T. Washington; "Rolling Stones," a new book of O. Henry material recently brought to light; "Elkan Lubliner: American," by Montague Glass; "Knocking the Neighbors," by George Ade, and "The Soddy," a novel by Sarah Comstock.

Among the miscellaneous books which Stokes will have ready in the autumn are: "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," by George A. Birmingham; "My Robin," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The Annals" of the Strand and of Fleet Street, both by E. B. Chancellor; "The Spirit of Christmas and Other Prose Poems," by Arthur H. Gleason; "Football for Public and Player," by Herbert Reed; "William Jones—Indian, Cowboy, American Scholar, and Anthropologist in the Field," by Henry Milner Rideout; "Edinburgh and the Lothians," by Francis Watt; "Sweethearts at Home," by S. R. Crockett; "Be Prepared," a tale of boy scouts, by A. W. Dimock; "Hike and the Aeroplane," by Tom Graham; "Jim Davis," by John Masefield; "The English Fairy Book," by Ernest Rhys; "Two Girls of Old Jersey," by Agnes C. Sage, and "The Adventures of Akbar," by Flora Annie Steel.

"How to Use the British Museum Reading Room," originally a lecture delivered by R. A. Peddie, will be brought out in book form by Grafton & Co.

Vol. VI, 5 of the "E. J. W. Gibb Memorial" (Luzac & Co.) contains Vol. V of Yaqut's great "Dictionary of Learned Men" (the Irshad al-Arib), which gives part of the letter Ayin. The editor, Prof. D. S. Margoliouth of Oxford, will have access to an important MS. that has come into the possession of the Bodleian Library; but there are still gaps in the material, and he will be grateful for any reference to new sources of information. It is highly desirable that this encyclopædic work, which is approaching completion, shall be issued in a form as nearly complete as possible.

The second supplement to the general register of the Society of Colonial Wars contains, besides the list of members and an index of ancestors, a brief historical sketch of the society. It was organized in New York city in 1893 by delegates from five States and the District of Columbia. Since then twenty-one States have been added to the number having societies. The register is beautifully illustrated with twenty-six portraits, historical monuments, seals, and medals.

It is a patriarch with a very young heart whose opinions Judge Robert Grant has recorded in "The Convictions of a Grandfather" (Scribner), Repeatedly, before the end of the book, one feels that "convictions" is too strong a term to describe an outlook upon life that is expressed with so much freedom from dogmatism. But when one has put down the volume there is no impression left of that too, too sweet reasonableness, which, under the ancient pretext of scourging the sin and sparing the sinner, ends by finding everything pretty nearly for the best in this rather comfortably arranged world of ours. Judge Grant sets out with the expressed intention of not being a peevish grandfather, but he does not adopt the common road to cheerfulness which is to admit that grandfather is wrong, and the young who play tennis and drive motor-cars are quite right. He does not look querulously back to the past, but neither is he content to accept things as they are. He is a Radical grandfather, much more Radical than his grandchildren, who find life too pleasant for analysis. He is concerned with the familiar problems that cannot be explained away on the ground that they are a bore, with the growth of luxury, the cultural and moral evolution of the American woman, the decline of learning, the American husband, divorce, the servant problem. The jurist speaks out with exceptional vigor on the decrepitudes and the tyrannies of our American law. He is strongly for the abolition of that unfortunate legal doctrine of the fellow-servant in industry which has stood in the way of the development of a civilized workman's compensation scheme. He is severe on the ways of lawyers and courts in the matter of wills and testaments. He favors the inheritance tax, and has leanings towards old-age pensions. He is so Progressive a grandfather in fact, that his oldest friend suggests, in a fairly loud voice, that the old gentleman is breaking up. But one of the sons-in-law replies that while the old gentleman may be losing his grip a little, there is something to be said for what the old gentleman has just been saying concerning old-age pensions. Whereat the patriarch reflects:

> This was almost exoneration from the charge of lunacy, and let me down gracefully. For if a man of my years can get a fairly favorable verdict from his family on that score, when he is supposed to be out of ear-shot, he need not fear the judgment of the rest of the world.

Delightful little touches like this are to be found here in plenty for the looking.

For the vacation traveller abroad there are three recent issues of Baedeker, "Austria-Hungary," "Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," and "Palestine and Syria," in revised and amplified editions. An excellent little book is Blair Jaekel's "Planning a Trip Abroad" (McBride, Nast & Co.), in which the guide-book interest is subordinated to the question of ways and means. On this subject the writer offers ample and accurate information in very attractive form. In "How to Visit Europe on Next to Nothing" (Dodd, Mead), E. P. Prentys shows how one hundred and nine days of holiday may be had for less than $300. The book promises to be useful, but the title is somewhat misleading. People to whom three hundred dollars is next to nothing will be apt to find hardship in the very close economies demanded by the writer's schedules.

Events occurring as late as February of the present year are recorded in the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1912 (Macmillan). The population figures from the Census of 1910 are used in the article on the United States, although, oddly enough, they are omitted from their proper place in several articles on the separate States. The political changes in China, Morocco, Tripoli, and British India are taken into account. There are excellent maps dealing with Tripoli and the territorial arrangements between France and Germany in Central Africa. It is not necessary, of course, at this date to expatiate on the exceptional utility of this standard book of reference. It offers at the same time an explanation of, and a commentary upon, the movement of international politics as recorded in the daily press.

Prof. Samuel G. Smith's "Social Pathology" (Macmillan) is not happily named. From the title one would expect a systematic interpretation of social ills as the disorders of an essentially physical social organism. In fact, however, the "central doctrine" of the book is, as the author makes clear, a protest against the view that the conduct of human beings in society is virtually controlled by physical forces, internal or external. Crime and poverty are here described (though they are not thereby satisfactorily explained) as the result of primarily psychical social influences working upon individuals more or less responsible for their own degeneracy, but with corresponding power to avail themselves of social aid in self-betterment. Accordingly, Dr. Smith, like many others of long experience in philanthropic work, belittles the physical determinism of heredity. As a corrective of extreme views advanced in the name of eugenics his criticism is welcome; yet it rests on such an imperfect appreciation of the biological principles involved that it cannot be called judicious or adequate. Indeed, the book as a whole seems doomed to inadequacy by its plan. It attempts to cover too much ground. The economics of poverty; the relief of poverty by church, state, and private charity; the relation of poverty to city conditions, to the family, to the individual; the causes and treatment of crime; the care of the insane, feeble-minded, deaf, and blind; drunkenness, suicide, immigration, illegitimacy, prostitution, eugenics, sanitation and public health, social statistics—these are the subjects, and yet not all of the subjects, touched upon in some 350 moderate-sized pages. There is a deal of information, mostly correct and serviceable. Here and there are excellent passages, as in the chapters on crime, where the author is at his best, or in the discussion of the standard of living. Yet for sheer lack of room no one topic can be developed far; the exposition seldom attains momentum; too often the mention of facts seems mumbled and inconsequent. To be sure, the book makes no pretence to be more than an introduction. But the true introduction to vital subjects like these is something dif-

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ferent: it is real illumination of a few central problems which challenge and compel further thought, and, after this initiation, advice to the reader at parting, telling him where to seek for the guidance that no one general book can afford.

A series of books on economic subjects of quite unusual merit has appeared as a result of the annual prize offerings of Hart, Schaffner & Marx. The twelfth in the series, "Freight Classification, A Study of Underlying Principles" (Houghton Mifflin Company), by J. F. Strombeck, maintains, if it does not raise somewhat, the standard set by its predecessors. Coming from the pen of a college undergraduate, it deserves the highest commendation for its keen analysis, and for its maturity of thought and expression. Briefly, the book is a scientific dissection of the freight rate, to determine the principles underlying its composition in all the varying circumstances of its employment. While the author relies in large measure for his basic material upon rules of action laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission in their decisions, which he seems exhaustively to have consulted, he displays independent reasoning in his occasional dissent from the declarations of that body of experts. We are not aware of the existence in English of any so concise, and, at the same time, so exhaustive a handling of the theory of railway freight rates from the practical standpoint as is to be found in this little volume.

Although prepared expressly for the schools of Buckinghamshire, Margaret M. Verney's "Bucks Biographies" (Frowde) may well carry useful suggestions to writers and teachers in this country who seek to utilize more fully for their classes the resources of local history. From the annals of a county which "does not at first sight offer any very dramatic material," the author has put together, with abundant local color and allusion, attractive sketches of Wyclif and the Lollards, Elizabeth and her gallants, John Hampden, Milton, the Whartons, and Disraeli, besides a host of ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, literary workers, and country gentlemen who have either lived in or had notable contact with the county. As a product, in part, of the recent revival of pageants, the book is an excellent illustration of the historical interest which such enterprises may arouse.

A second edition of "The Law of Interstate Commerce and Its Federal Regulation" (T. H. Flood & Co.), by Frederick N. Judson, is welcome, in view of the fact that the first edition appeared in 1905, a year before the adoption of significant amendments to the Interstate Commerce act. (See *Nation*, September 21, 1905.) This revision brings down to date the legislative amendment, the administration, and the judicial interpretation of the Commerce act which was so radically altered in 1906 and 1910. It also contains chapters on related legislation, such as the Anti-Trust act of 1890, the Safety Appliance acts, Hours of Service act, and others. Mr. Judson's personal association with important litigation of this sort has made him thoroughly conversant with the intricacies of this new field of law, and his volume has been long held an authoritative exposition of its principles.

Elizabeth S. Haldane and G. R. T. Ross have performed a useful and scholarly service in supplying English readers with a translation of "The Philosophical Works of Descartes," of which the first of two volumes has been published by the Cambridge University Press; Putnam. Their version includes all the philosophical works originally intended for publication, but omits the portions of the "Principles" which treat of astronomy and physics. The most important additions to the ground covered by other accessible versions are the "Objections" directed against the "Meditations," with Descartes's replies (to appear in the second volume), and "The Passions of the Soul," both of which are necessary for a thorough understanding of Descartes's views.

"Intimacies of Court and Society: An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days" (Dodd, Mead), by the widow of an American diplomat, is a book that one, having picked up with some distaste for its prejudicial title, is likely to continue skimming from page to page, because, at once, of the agreeable personal vein in which it is written, the absence of any undue snobbishness or adulation in approaching the elevated personages with whom the pages are filled, and the real information and sober judgments offered. The anonymous author's husband began his diplomatic career as a secretary, and became an ambassador. But it is rather of her own subsequent life that she writes, as for years she has passed from capital to capital, enjoying the hospitable fruits of friendships formed in official days. She deplores with good American sense and justice the etiquette of courts, reflected in the exclusiveness of diplomatic society, which makes it difficult for those in the service to choose their associates freely. And it is the particular charm of her book that it contains no mere monotonous record of official functions and social triumphs, but an account of friendships and intimate impressions. Such great functions as she does describe, like, for example, the coronation of Nicholas II and the Czarina at Moscow, she gives from the point of view of one who, while enjoying the *entrée* to these great pageants, is still an outsider in the sense that she bears no official relation to them.

She has a philosophical appreciation of the extraordinary social situation brought about by a stubborn and unimaginative attempt on the part of the Czarina to impose upon a sensuous, intellectual, and semi-oriental court, the moral standards of her grandmother, Victoria. Equally without political influence, through a similar unadaptability, but from different causes, is the Queen of Italy, in whose case, also, a strong-minded queen mother still further complicates a difficult situation. But Elena, the Montenegrin princess, is beloved of her people in a way that the Czarina never has been or can be; and, however *gauche* in her court life, she is without narrow-mindedness or pettiness, making an attractive and lovable figure, simple, without fastidiousness, and good, without the pretentiousness of middle-class virtue, in the ensemble of contemporary royalty. But in pages that bristle with royalty, it is a peasant woman that presents the most striking figure, the wife of the President of the French republic, Mme. Fallières. This plain, speechless, stout little housewife, pitchforked by her husband's political fortune into the Elysée palace, where is held a state comparable to that of the oldest monarchical courts of Europe, certainly affords one of the most curious anomalies of republican France to-day. Somehow the impression she produces is a little painful as well as pathetic; for, however inarticulate, she possesses a positive force of character, and her habitual response to all criticisms on her régime, "We do the best we can," conceals beneath an apparent humility, a provincial stubbornness and self-complacency. This is shown by the way in which she discharged the Elysée chef, so as to install her own old cook, with the result that, as our author tells us, many an official dinner guest has taken the precaution of eating a hearty meal at home before starting out.

Arthur E. Copping is a journalist of the old-fashioned, stay-at-home, top-of-an-omnibus variety. Far from rampant newspaper-corresponding, he had been three times, strictly superintended, on the back of a horse before he went to ride through Palestine, under the protection of the great Mr. Cook. So, naturally, his record ("A Journalist in the Holy Land"; Revell) is much of equine escapades and afternoon tea camping. Thus might Mr. Pickwick, smiling benevolently, have been conducted in Oriental wanderings by a Samuel answering to Solomon. But his touch is so light and pleasant that we do not mind hearing much about himself. His attitude is unpretentious; there is a saving, if slight, vein of humor; and some passages, notably those on the Russian pilgrims, rise to real insight. The picture of Jericho, with its "mineral waters of exorbitant price," will stir memories. The present reviewer can witness that he spent there in one twenty-four hours two dollars and a half on strictly "soft" drinks. Best of all, there are no photographs; only a number of not particularly distinguished sketches in black-and-white and in colors by his brother, Harold Copping. In Cairo, Mr. Copping saw the Moharrem Shiite procession, and describes it rather blotchily, but where and how in Cairo of to-day did he see the dancing and howling dervishes?

A chatty book is the Rev. Edward S. Weeden's "Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda" (Dana Estes), the democratic ruler of an important native state of India, whose visit to America, a few years ago, aroused considerable interest. Mr. Weeden went to India as the privileged guest of the Gaekwar, and, after his return to England, compiled his volume from his letters home. His ignorance of the land which he visited was almost incredible, although, fortunately, he had a Murray's "Handbook," which is obviously responsible for his account of Shivaji's murder of Afzal Khan (p. 226). Yet he also knew how to use his own eyes, for, whereas Murray mentions merely "nymphs sporting with heavenly alligators" on the Baroda Gate at Dabhoi, Mr. Weeden notes on it carvings of elephants, as well (p. 140). Very good descriptions are given of the palaces of the Gaekwar and of the residency at Baroda, as well as of the city itself, of hunting with cheetas and lynxes, of buffalo, ram, and elephant fights, and of a Hindu cremation; but the author's account of a

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tiger hunt leaves the reader wondering how there can be much real sport, when the tiger seems to have no chance at all. Mr. Weeden is "awfully keen" on sport, and has a "fearfully jolly" time, but the reader grows a little weary of dinners, bridge, cricket, croquet, billiards, dancing, and motor-cars, all of which he can enjoy at home, and each of which is characterized by the author with at least one superlative. It seems curious that a man with only a short time to spend in India should prefer to stay at Bangalore for the races to visiting the temples at Madura; but, after reading of Mr. Weeden's sojourn at Poona, where the Gymkhana Club and the Bund were evidently much more interesting to him than the shrines of Parbati, surprise yields to a less complimentary sentiment, especially when it is remembered that the author enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observation. By far the best portion of the book is the picture which it gives of the attractive personality and home life of the ruling house of Baroda.

David Miller De Witt, a lawyer who died in Kingston, N. Y., on Monday, in his seventy-fifth year, was the author of "The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson" and "The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and its Expiation."

Science

The Life and Love of the Insect. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

For more than thirty years fascinating accounts of the life and habits of common insects have been appearing from the pen of the French naturalist and philosopher, Jules Fabre, under the title, "Souvenirs Entomologiques." Unfortunately, the some three hundred essays that have been published have been almost unknown to English students, although a translation of Volume I appeared about a year ago. A true service is therefore rendered by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, who has now made accessible to English readers the greater part of a book of selected essays.

A better selection than that of the eighteen included could hardly have been made to show the wonderful patience in observation, the skill in interpretation, and the poetic spirit of this devoted naturalist who, at the age of ninety, is still seeking new truths with undimmed enthusiasm. Reared in poverty, his early dreams of travel, "rosy illusions, rich in voyages, were soon succeeded by dull, stay-at-home reality. The jungles of India, the virgin forests of Brazil, the towering crests of the Andes, beloved by the condor, were reduced as a field of exploration to a patch of pebble stones enclosed within four walls." But, he continues, "Heaven forefend that I should complain! The gathering of ideas does not necessarily imply distant expeditions. . . . I go the circuit of my enclosure over and over again, a hundred times, by short stages; I stop here and I stop there; patiently, I put questions; and, at long intervals, I receive some scrap of a reply."

Little wonder that "the smallest insect village has become familiar," and that the most common insects have yielded secrets which have escaped all other observers. Accepted ideas of the life-history and habits of the sacred beetle, of the Scolia which provisions her nest with spiders, of the Languedocian scorpions and their droll nuptial allurements—in fact, of virtually every species which Fabre has studied, must be revised in the light of his observations.

Not only are his observations recorded with an enthusiasm which is contagious, but his interpretations and his digressions into most unexpected fields make the volume one which the lay reader, however little interested in technical entomology, will be loath to put down. At every opportunity there is a sly dig at "ingenuous theorists, so triumphant on paper, so vain in the face of reality," for Fabre has no patience with current ideas of evolution. The parasitic gnat, which believes that business means getting hold of the honey of Halictus is comparable to man, who, "to play the brigand to better purpose, invents war, the art of killing wholesale and of doing with glory that which, when done on a smaller scale, leads to the gallows." An interesting excursus on numismatics precedes the discussion of fossil weevils, and a delightfully intimate reminiscence of Pasteur illustrates the author's conviction that "in many cases ignorance is a good thing; the mind retains its freedom of investigation and does not stray along roads that lead nowhither, suggested by our reading."

The translator is to be congratulated on carrying over into the English much of the vivacity and charm of the original, for, while Fabre is "convinced that one can say excellent things without employing a barbarous vocabulary," and that "clearness is the supreme politeness of whoso wields a pen," he is an unusually difficult writer to translate. It is to be hoped that this little volume may be the means of attracting many to the original writings of one whom Maurice Maeterlinck has called "the insect's Homer," "one of the purest writers, and, I was going to say, one of the finest poets of the century that is just past."

This week Holt is bringing out "Elements of Physics," by E. H. Hall, which is described by its publisher as something more than a successor of Hall and Bergen's "Text-Book of Physics."

Cambridge books in Putnam's list include: "Numerical Trigonometry," by J. W. Mercer; "Examples in Numerical Trigonometry," by E. A. Price, and "A Shorter Geometry," by C. Godfrey.

Nearly six years ago we commended in these columns a book by Dr. Albert S. Morrow on "The Immediate Care of the Injured." The second edition, just now at hand (W. B. Saunders Co.), may be recommended as showing revision suited to make the book still more useful. The book might be improved by some account of the things to be done in cases of injury by lightning or the electrical current. At present the treatment of burns from these causes is mentioned, or at least indicated, only in the index. In the matter of artificial respiration Schaefer's method is worthy of mention as having some distinct advantages. The new method of Meltzer is, of course, quite too new to be taken into this book, but if it shall prove to be as efficacious in humans as it is alleged to be in dogs, it may well replace all the older methods, provided the relatively simple outfit is at hand.

The *Annales de Géographie* for May opens with an article by Prof. D. W. Johnson of Harvard University on the stability of the Atlantic Coast of North America. He shows that the numerous facts alleged as proofs of its recent subsidence have an entirely different explanation. The submerged trees, for instance, are explained by the local conditions of the few places to which they are confined. The rapidly growing importance of the port of Caen, through the development of the iron mines in Normandy is described by Y. Lemarec with a diagram and three charts. Other subjects treated are the ancient glaciers of the Carpathians, by Prof. L. Sawicki of the University of Cracow, and the changes in the course of the rivers of western Africa, by H. Hubert. Some rivers which, in comparatively recent times, have flowed north have been "captured" by streams flowing south, with a consequent increase of the desert.

"La France: Géographie Illustrée" (Paris. Librairie Larousse), by P. Jousset, is the first volume of a remarkably interesting and valuable illustrated gazetteer of France. The parts treated are the central and western massifs, the Pyrenees, and the Mediterranean coast. The text has for its special aim to show how the natural features of the land have affected the life of the inhabitants. To many the 871 photographic reproductions will be a revelation of a country in which the wonderful beauty of the scenery is constantly enhanced by the work of man in castles, churches, and simple homes. The various industries and methods of agriculture are also shown, as well as the distinctive costumes of the peasants. A work of this kind treating different sections of our country is greatly to be desired, for there is virtually no gazetteer of the United States.

"Garden Design in Theory and Practice" (Lippincott), by Madeline Agar, is well printed and illustrated, and, for the most part, ill written. Like most books on gardening, it is written in a rambling style, with a word on this matter and a word on that; and though it contains a great deal of information, it can by no means be called a solid book. The fragmentary mode of treatment is particularly noticeable in the

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first section, on the History and Description of Styles. Succeeding sections include Preparation of the Design, Structural, Component Parts of a Garden, and Planting. The book is intended for the student of garden design, but it is not without interest to the owners of estates and those who desire a general and yet not superficial understanding of the principles of garden construction. Although the writer has in mind an English audience, referring frequently, as she does, to "the London neighborhood," and computing, in one table, in shillings and pence, there is little in the book that is not equally applicable to conditions in America. This fact is mainly due to the scant allusion to purely horticultural matters, and a corresponding emphasis on questions of plan and construction. It is worth noting, in the light of the returning popularity of formal gardening, that "landscape" gardening receives what many would deem less attention than it deserves.

Much knowledge of contemporary astronomy has been packed into "A Beginner's Star-Book" (Putnam), by Kelvin McKready, and of the lesser instruments of optics by which these may be studied by the amateur with profit. But the beginner who has no instrument, not even an opera-glass, can make an excellent start with the book, the author's primary object being to enable any one who is not possessed of technical equipment to gain, by his unassisted eye, or at most by the simplest instruments, a real knowledge of the sky. The descriptions of celestial objects are brief, and the illustrations abundant, well chosen, and excellently reproduced. Encouragement for the amateur is everywhere provided by practical suggestion and a readable text, with judicious interlarding of poetical selections. The night-time charts, with their keys, are especially well designed and executed. Mountings of telescopes, the appropriate use of different magnifying powers, information on the positions, up to 1931, of the principal planets, with an observing catalogue of telescopic objects, and a brief bibliography, conclude this excellent and up-to-date book. For setting the amateur on the right road to a broad, general, and at the same time thorough acquaintance with the northern sky, there is no better book.

Drama

Shakespeare: A Study. By Darrell Figgis. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.

The results of Mr. Figgis's study do not differ in essentials from what we may call the current orthodox interpretation of Shakespeare; it is in his method of approach that his originality —whether for good or for evil—consists. This is apparent to a certain degree even in the titles of the three chapters which embody most of his discussion of the plays. They are headed successively His Craft, His Art, His Thought. These titles are calculated to awaken at once curiosity as to how the author is going to keep distinct in his analysis matters that are necessarily divided by such shadowy boundary lines. On reading the book as a whole one discovers, however, that it is just the tenuity of the distinctions that attracts Mr. Figgis. To be sure, the subject-matter of the first and third of these chapters turns out to be something more definite than the headings suggest—for the first, after all, is substantially nothing more than a discussion of Shakespeare's methods of plot-construction, and the third of his philosophy of life. The figurative and the mystical, however, exercise such a strong attraction for Mr. Figgis's mind that the reader has to puzzle out for himself that these are in reality the things that are being discussed. It is trying enough to have to extract from the following sentences the simple idea that in writing Shakespeare's life his biographer is at liberty to select one traditional statement and reject others less credible:

> Its selection from among its companions need be no imputation on their fair fame and veracity, but can only mean that it, at least, is buttressed and supported by a collateral requirement. It has its place in an entity that may or may not cast its raiment over its companions.

But when the lines of discussion through whole chapters are determined by this cast of mind, the matter becomes serious indeed. A striking illustration of this tendency is supplied by the chapter on Shakespeare's Thought, where the author is apparently developing the idea that as Shakespeare advances in his work he is less and less inclined to offer definite answers to the great moral questions raised by human life and that the recognition of the mystery of such questions is most marked in the tragedies. Here he seizes on Hamlet's words:

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will,"

and for the greater part of the chapter the whole development of the above mentioned idea is from the point of view of this personified abstraction, "the Divinity"—a term which recurs throughout with wearisome reiteration. Thus when he wishes to say that comedy, being more artificial than tragedy —such, at least, is Mr. Figgis's view— and, requiring a happy ending, does not admit of so wide a moral vision, this is the way he puts it: "The fact of an expectant Divinity at the conclusion of the five acts, waiting for all the issues awakened to converge at his feet, must needs so foreshorten the psychology, and so restrict the characters thereby, that unreality is supreme: whereas the business of Thought, whether conscious or instinctive, is the quest of Reality." The thought is, in itself, sound enough, but the mode of expression is so perplexingly artificial that the reader has to brace himself to the effort in order to keep the track of this shadowy Divinity to the end of the chapter.

The whole structure of the book suffers from the peculiar habit of mind which we have endeavored to exemplify, but it is only fair to add that the work also contains a great deal that is acute and stimulating, even where one does not agree with the author. So, for instance, in his discussion in the fifth chapter of the predominance of emotion over intellect in poetry and his application of this principle to the study of Hamlet and Othello, or again in this same chapter the pages on the subject of Shakespeare's transitions from verse to prose. To be sure, the latter discussion neglects many matters worthy of note, as, for example, the curious connection pointed out by Professor Bradley between Lear's madness and his use of prose. Suggestive, too, is the distinction of five different successive movements in Shakespeare's development of a plot, but our author drives the theory too hard in identifying each movement with the scope of an act. What inducement was there to adopt so artificial a mode of construction when on the Elizabethan stage, to use the words of a recent authority, "act-divisions were indicated rather than realized"? Mr. Figgis's whole treatment of the subject of Shakespeare's methods of plot-construction suffers from the fundamental defect of not taking into consideration the influence of the poet's sources. It is safe to say that the most powerful single factor in determining the structure of a Shakespearean plot is the nature of the source from which it is drawn. While recognizing fully the dramatist's supreme gift of characterization, we can not blind ourselves to the fact that comparison with the sources is likely to throw real light on problems of this order, whereas if we adopt the mystical conception expressed in the following words, we should never get out of the wilderness: "It was never he himself that wrought the construction wherein to place his characters; he created the characters that should themselves achieve their destiny, weaving it in a certain fashion according to the impulsion of life that drove them forward."

The most noteworthy feature of the chapter on Shakespeare's life is the attempt to piece together our information on the subject so as to show the influence of material conditions on the poet's work. Our author's reconstruction of the dramatist's early life particularly is very ingenious and worthy of attention, but, after all, he is here merely following the methods of the modern representatives of Shakespearean research, at whom, like Professor Saintsbury, he has his fling—only that, unlike these dryasdusts, he fails to buttress his statements with documentary references and relates the story, for the most

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part, with the assurance of a writer of fiction describing the actions of his characters. Indeed, it seems to us that Mr. Figgis out-Germans the Germans when he explains the difference between "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" by the change which Shakespeare had made from the audiences of The Theatre to those of the Globe in the interval that separated the composition of these dramas. We see something of the same thing in the excessive zeal with which he labors the now popular idea of the influence of the Elizabethan stage on the structure of Shakespeare's plays. He pursues this theory with such intensity in his analysis of "The Merchant of Venice" that one begins to feel that, after all, the problem of the play for Shakespeare was not Shylock's character, but the question of by what doors he was to get his actors off the stage and other matters of a similar kind.

In striking contrast with Mr. Figgis's generally super-subtle style we note certain remarkable crudities of diction that disfigure his book—"to fault" for "to blame," "to structure" for "to construct," "pulled off" in the familiar sense which it bears in American college slang. Similarly, when actors make their exits, they "issue off." Finally, when Mr. Figgis speaks of "the ill portion of an apple," we recognize what he means, but, surely, this mode of expression leaves as unpleasant a taste in the mouth as the thing itself.

Music

The Norwegian city of Bergen is to have a large new concert hall, which will be named after Grieg, who was born there, and who has done as much to make Norway musically famous as Chopin for Poland, Wagner for Germany, and Liszt for Hungary.

Rubinstein occasionally played all of Chopin's preludes (which, as he justly held, are the best things ever written for the piano), at one concert, and Josef Hofmann has done this too. Chopin also figures more prominently (and deservedly so) in concert programmes than any other composer. But, so far as known, it has remained for the French pianist, Robert Lortat, to play all of Chopin's compositions from first to last. This he accompanied in a series of five recitals in London. The pieces were not played in chronological order, the programmes being arranged with a view to variety and contrast. The first, for instance, included the Fantasie, the sonata in B minor, and some of the mazurkas, nocturnes, valses, and polonaises.

The Royal Library of Berlin has received from Marie von Bülow, widow of the great pianist, a most valuable gift, consisting of more than 2,000 printed volumes of music, many of them with the autographs of the composers, or with von Bülow's marginal annotations and suggestions. In addition to these, there are many portfolios of manuscripts, press clippings, and so on, besides six volumes and fifteen packages of concert programmes.

It is a new feather in the cap of the admirable operatic conductor, Cleofonte Campanini, that he has been chosen to direct the most important of the festivals which will be held in Italy next season to celebrate the centenary of Verdi's birth. It will take place at Parma, to which belongs the village Busseto, where Verdi was born. In the Royal Theatre of that city will be performed some of his earliest works, "Oberto," "Conte di S. Bonifacio," "Nabucco," "Araldo," besides "Traviata," "Ballo in Maschera," "Aïda," and "Don Carlos," perhaps also "Otello" and "Falstaff." The "Requiem" will be sung, too, and there will be, in connection with these performances, an exposition, the first of its kind ever held in Italy, which will afford a sort of bird's-eye view of the development of the theatre and opera in that country, besides a special section devoted to Verdi relics.

Paris has been enjoying a series of performances given by the Monte Carlo Opera Company, with ensembles of stars such as used to be the glory of the Grand Opéra. This company sings French operas in French, Italian operas in Italian. It is commonly supposed that the Parisians want all operas in French versions. But, as the critic of *Comœdia* remarked the other day, in speaking of a performance of "Rigoletto": "Je dois dire que l'exécution en italien ajoute un intérêt tout spécial à la musique et elle gagne sensiblement en retrouvant sa véritable prosodie."

Nine German works were sung in the opera-houses of Italy during the past season. Of the 133 performances of them, 90 were devoted to Wagner, 33 to Richard Strauss, and the other ten to Weber and Meyerbeer.

In the field of operetta it is surprising how much more popular the Viennese school is in Italy than the French or any other. The English "Geisha" was sung 143 times last season, and the most popular of the French operettas, known in America as "The Chimes of Normandy," was given 35 times. Of Viennese operettas, "The Merry Widow" had 458 hearings, "The Waltz Dream" had 290, "The Dollar Princess" 147, "The Count of Luxembourg" 144, "Fürstenkind" 61, "Herbstmanöver" 50, "Frühlingsluft" 48, "Boccaccio" 47. Altogether there were 1,584 performances in Italian cities of products of the Viennese school. Doubtless, this school possesses more vitality than any other at present; yet it does not rank with the great epoch of Johann Strauss, Suppé, and Millöcker.

Mary Garden will probably appear next season in several American cities in Massenet's new opera "Roma," and in "Monna Vanna," by Maeterlinck and Henry Fevrier.

France has plenty of living composers. In commenting on a new volume by Octave Séré, entitled "Musiciens Français d'aujourd'hui," which is devoted to Massenet, Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Lalo, Fauré, Charpentier, and several others not so well known, the *Ménestrel* suggests that there is room for another volume, which might include Guilmant, Dubois, Reyer, Paladilhe, Widor, Magnard, Leroux, Dupont, Février, Lecocq, Laparra, de Bréville, etc.

Municipal support is granted to the theatres and opera houses in many of the German cities which have not the advantage of royal support. Mannheim donates for this purpose 541,000 marks; Düsseldorf, 464,000 marks; Chemnitz, 332,000; Leipzig, 329,000; Cologne, 326,000; Freiburg, 318,000; Frankfurt, 272,000; Dortmund, 200,000; Breslau and Mülhausen, 132,000 each; Mayence, 181,000; Barmen, 125,000; Halle, 108,000; Regensburg, 84,000.

Art

AWARDING FRENCH PRIZES.

PARIS, June 12.

The highest honor which a French painter can receive is the medal of honor voted by his fellow-artists. It supposes that his pictures in the year's Salon are worthy of the honor, and that he has won reputation in the past. This is the case with Paul Chabas, who carries off the medal this year. He is past forty, and twenty years ago he began a career of official honors by winning an honorable mention. In 1895 he had a third medal, the next year a second, in 1899 the national or Salon medal, and a gold medal at the Exposition of 1900.

This year he exhibits one painting in the style which has won him all these honors—A September Morning—diaphanous, with blue-gray tints, and the blond-haired girl showing her native graces in unison with the yellowing year. His other picture is the portrait of the wife of a Paris-American painter, who is also much medalled—Mrs. Aston Knight. Paul Chabas has been going in for portraits, which offer the most real rewards to painters nowadays —with success, it should seem, for he has painted notable persons: his own wife; Madame Constans; Madame Daniel Lesueur, the novelist; the Queen of Greece, and others. This means that America is bound to see him later.

Two first medals were voted this year —the highest honors bestowed by the annual jury. One goes to Edouard Monchablon for one of the most striking pictures of many years, at least for those who know the literature of galley slaves and are not angered by splashes of vivid red. La Chiourme shows a crew of such convicts, rowing under the eye of their ill-famed guard, against a lurid sky. Monchablon was a Prix de Rome man in 1903, and exhibited good, flamboyant Italian work in the after years. He, too, has a portrait. The other first medal also goes to a Prix de Rome man, François Maurice Roganeau, for an Evening by the River.

The only medal falling to an American painter this year is a third for John Rachmiel of New York. His picture is Le Braconnier (The Poacher), a good subject, though un-American. He has been a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens and Bonnat. The number of Americans ex-

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hibiting in the official Salon seems decreasing—it is seventy-one this year out of a total of more than fourteen hundred. One or two very old-timers reappear—Carroll Beckwith, who was with Carolus Duran in the seventies and had an honorable mention in 1887, and Henry Mosler, who was a long-time resident in Paris.

A curious comparison might be made with the work of those who are studying newly here—colors, lights, composition, brush-work, fashions, and fads—all are different. It is not probable that the number of American art students in Paris is decreasing, but the Salon wave has gone backward, while English, Australians, South Americans have come wonderfully to the fore.

The Rosa Bonheur prize, which was founded in accordance with her wishes by her executor, Miss Anna Klumpke, an American artist, is bestowed on Félix Planquette. He is equally devoted to the shivering sands of Mont Saint-Michel and the Channel coast and to the cattle grazing in the lush salt meadows. He began his honors in 1900, winding up with a second medal and Bourse de Voyage in 1905. I learn that his pictures are finding their way into the United States, where things "different" are desired. In his case, as in that of the others I have named, the honors go to pupils of the older painters, although those who received them long ago struck out for themselves. This is surely not for academic reasons, or because this is the Old Salon in more senses than one; but because those who follow after the evanescent, vacillating, newer art drift away from these annual exhibitions, to which honors and prizes are attached.

Albert Besnard, who is a great man at the New Salon, and is, beyond doubt, one of the great painters of France, has been showing some of his daring experiments in color in a private exhibition of studies made during his late journey in India. I had the advantage of going through it with an experienced Indian; and, as this "real" art has been made the occasion of a noisy triumph, his careful judgment is worth heeding:

> These subjects, men and things, have been taken out of their setting in which they really exist. This violence of red and yellow is not seen in India, with all reverence for M. Besnard. He received the color splash full in the eye, and transcribed it in isolation, whereas it exists in a complex reality into which it melts. This constitutes the tone or note of all things seen in India—and his art leaves the tone out. Perhaps the painter unconsciously concentrates his sight on the color spot, without noticing that it is but a part of a whole—but I cannot recognize in this painting the atmosphere, the environment, in which everything Indian must be seen to be real.

As one of the current New York magazines has at last discovered the painter Caro-Delvaille, I should say that I have not mentioned his exhibit at this year's Salon—on principle. That is, his work shows no great step forward. He is always a good, a very good, painter; and I am still willing to repeat what I wrote eleven years ago: "He promises to be a great painter." Long ago he left the Old Salon, where he won a third medal, for the New, in which he holds an honorable place. He has great power of design, greater than in color, although his work is full of the joy of living. By the way, a mere ancestral strain does not warrant calling him a "Spanish" painter any more than "gypsy." He is from Bayonne, the heart of the Basque country in France, where some of the most interesting French painters were born, including Bonnat. He is a Frenchman by birth and family and training and in his art methods. He, too, has been doing good work in portraits and decoration, and two of his paintings exhibited this year—Pan's Thicket and The Presents of the Earth—are decorations for the house of Dr. Semprun in Buenos Ayres.

In sculpture the main interest of the year has been out of the salons, and, indeed, out of the pale of art. It is a question of propriety, or, to talk as most people do, of morality. The first case was the exclusion of three pieces from the Société Nationale (New Salon). One of these groups supposedly represented Francesca da Rimini and her lover when they "together go forever on the accursed air" in Dante's "Inferno." A certain kind of curiosity has pervaded its subsequent exhibition in Brussels; and it is said that it will be taken to Berlin, London, and New York—to show that it is art, and therefore moral. It would certainly have shocked Dante.

S. D.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, announce that under their joint management the eleventh annual exhibition of the Society will be held in the galleries of the Academy, in Philadelphia, from Saturday, November 9, to Sunday, December 15, inclusive. The exhibition will consist exclusively of original miniature paintings, which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia. Works will be received, without packing-cases, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. on Monday, October 28. The following are the committees: Jury of selection—John W. Alexander, Ludwig E. Faber, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Evelyn Purdie, Edna Huestis Simpson, and Emily Drayton Taylor. Hanging Committee—A. Margaretta Archambault, Sarah Yocum McFadden, Emily Drayton Taylor, Blanche Dillaye, and Edna Huestis Simpson.

How John La Farge would acquit himself of the stereotyped theme "A Hundred Masterpieces of Painting" (Doubleday, Page), has been a matter of curiosity to his admirers. By giving free rein to all manner of associations and by admitting many charming pictures which are not strictly masterpieces, he made his last book a characteristically unconventional one. The general amenity and humanrightness of his attitude—he simply tells how the pictures must have affected their painters and the contemporary public—will appeal to all readers. What will strike the student is the unexpected turns of the author's intelligence and sympathy. Who but La Farge would have opened the chapter on children's portraits with a lovely effigy of Ko-Bo-Dai-Shi, the Japanese apostle of Buddhism? The main divisions are Portraits of Civic Life, War—where one is surprised at the omission of Titian, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci; Dreams of Happiness, Triumphs, Allegories, Unknown Portraits, Portraits of Fashion, Sacred Conversations, Annunciations, the Madonna, the Stanze, the Borgia Apartments. The casualness of the book—it is the casualness of a very wise person—is its attraction. To glean a number of well-said things from these pages would be a pleasure, but one example must suffice. Vindicating Raphael even when badly repainted, he says, "The intention of such a design is so profound as to carry a special form of life with it. We see such things in literature, or in applied literature—for example, Shakespeare as prepared for the stage." Perhaps the most important part of the book is the running commentary on the Marie de Médicis decorations of Rubens. One misses the intellectual grip and consecutiveness of La Farge's "Considerations on Paintings," but this last book is full of his peculiar mellowness. We may note that the frontispiece, Frans Hals's St. Adriaen's Company, should be dated 1633 and that the cut of Botticelli's Magnificat is tilted askew.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, the English painter, died on Monday at Wiesbaden, Germany, where he was being treated for stomach trouble. He was born in Dronrijp, in the Netherlands, January 8, 1836. In his reminiscences, published recently, he wrote that his father died when he, Lawrence, was four years old, and that his mother experienced difficulty in supporting herself and two children on the slender means at her command. Lawrence attended the Gymnasium at Leeuwarden. He wanted to be an artist, but his mother discouraged his ambition in that direction. The boy persisted, and drew an admirable sketch of his mother, which received the praise of his school-teachers. At the age of fourteen he made a drawing of his sister which was accepted by the jury of the Leeuwarden Exhibition. After this his career was settled. He entered as a student at the Royal Academy, Antwerp. One of his early paintings, How the Egyptians Amused Themselves Three Thousand Years Ago, attracted the attention of an English picture-dealer, who paid a good price for it. This led to Alma-Tadema's decision to make his home permanently in England. Other notable productions from his brush are The Education of the Children of Clovis, Tarquinius Superbus, Pyrrhic Dance, The Vintage, and the Roses of Heliogabalus. Alma-Tadema was knighted in 1899. In 1892 the University of Dublin gave him the degree of Litt.D., and in 1893 the University of Durham that of D.C.L. He received gold medals from most of the art societies and associations of Europe.

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Finance

POLITICAL EXCITEMENT AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

There has seldom been a convention week in a Presidential year when stock market trading has been so utterly at a standstill as it was last week. Even the professional traders, who are always alive to the possibility of making a favorable turn, thought it wise to await developments and do nothing. The public was out of the market entirely, and the investment buying which is often effective just before the July disbursements are made was insignificant. This attitude was perfectly natural in view of the bewilderment felt concerning the trend of affairs at Chicago and the probable outcome of the extraordinary strife between the Roosevelt and the Taft forces.

At other times such confusion has been used by speculators for the decline to raid the market and force general liquidation. Nothing of the kind occurred last week, one reason being that real holders of securities were not disposed to sell, and instead of becoming alarmed about the outlook, did not evince the slightest uneasiness. This confidence was in striking contrast to the unsettlement of a year ago, when there was no Presidential campaign for the market to consider, but sentiment was greatly depressed by the corporation suits and the feeling of unrest about the future. The relative firmness of prices this year reflected the growing optimism of the people over the permanence of trade recovery and the belief that better times were ahead. Whether this attitude takes too much for granted remains to be seen, but the fact that prices held well in spite of the circulation of rumors calculated to upset the market showed that the community took a hopeful view of the situation, and that most people believed that conditions were sound. Under such circumstances it is difficult to predict what the market would have done had it heard that Mr. Roosevelt had been nominated, or that President Taft had obtained the prize, or that some new man had been determined upon.

With the falling off in speculation there has been a considerable piling up of idle funds in those banks which for weeks past have confined their operations to loans made on call. Within the last few days, however, there have been fresh loans made to Berlin institutions, and although it is probable that the heaviest requirements have been met, there is likely to be another flurry in money rates in the German market in the last days of the month. At any rate, the London market has been somewhat upset by the feeling that the half-yearly settlement requirements might lead to disagreeable complications at the last minute, with a hurry call for more gold shipments. As it is, various foreign markets have given up $15,000,000 gold to Germany during the last few weeks, and there is reason to believe that a part of this was sent in connection with the special loans made by New York banks to German institutions.

Owing to the complications of a Presidential year there has been an indisposition on the part of some of the Wall Street banks to renew the loans that recently matured on the other side. But the offer of a 5½ per cent. rate for one month accommodation was sufficient to attract a good deal of fresh money from this side in addition to the renewal of loans originally made three and six months ago. How this account will finally be settled, and whether or not it will lead to gold imports from Europe in the autumn, depends on the continuance of business revival here and the course of affairs on the Stock Exchange. Should a broad speculative movement be started, the aggregate burdens upon New York banks might be sufficient to advance money rates to a point where gold imports would be called for. An interesting situation is certain to develop in the autumn. The Berlin, Paris, and London markets will have heavy payments to finance at that time, and it is recognized that, should stringency develop here or business broaden in a way to afford employment for much of the money that New York banks have tied up in foreign loans, the strain upon foreign markets would become acute. This would be inevitable if the banks here were forced to recall all their loans made to Berlin and London.

An interesting test will be put to the bond market next month, when the July disbursements are made. Payment of $250,000,000 for interest and dividends must have some influence, even if the public is not disposed to purchase securities in the old way. The preliminary demand, so far, has not been sufficient to indicate whether the attitude of investors is different from what it was three or six months ago. But the fact that the banks, trust companies, and life insurance corporations have become purchasers of bonds on a large scale is important. Absorption by savings banks is sufficient to indicate that wage-earners are no longer obliged to use their savings-bank balances to meet living expenses in the way that they did a year ago. Although the bond market has been rather backward, the situation here is much stronger than it is at London, where new capital issues have been so heavy as to force serious congestion. The foreign syndicates have taken such heavy losses through inability to market the bonds that they had underwritten, that it is now difficult for the English corporations to obtain the capital which they actually require. There is no such congestion on this side, and in spite of the large bond offerings that have been made during the last six months, the syndicates here are really in a more comfortable position than they were at the time in either 1911 or 1910.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, John. The Evolution of Educational Theory. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

A New Nation. Edited by C. L. Barstow. (Readings in U. S. History.) Century. 50 cents net.

Baker, F. T., and Thorndike, A. H. Everyday English. Book One. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Beach, A. G. Endeavors After the Spirit of Religion. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Beesley, Lawrence. The Loss of the S. S. Titanic. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.

Benson, A. C. Paul the Minstrel, and Other Stories. Putnam.

Betts, N. D. The Flower of the Season. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Buland, Mable. The Presentation of Time in the Elizabethan Drama. (Yale Studies in English.) Holt.

Butz, G. S. The Rise of the Modern Spirit in Europe. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

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